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Ebbing of the Rebel Tide—The Situation.

THE rebel tide which flowed northward for two weeks with such impetuosity, invading the loyal border States of Kentucky and Maryland, and threatening to overwhelm Ohio and Pennsylvania, seems to have spent its force, and is now receding. All the accounts from Maryland concur in representing the rebel army in retreat, falling back rapidly, and in some confusion, by way of the fords of the Upper Potomac, into Virginia. The rebel army under Kirby Smith, which had penetrated through Kentucky, capturing Lexington, Frankfort and Maysville, to within sight of the Ohio river, has also suddenly reversed its steps, while the army of Gen. Bragg is brought to a stand before Nashville. If the rebel commanders ever seriously entertained the purpose of "carrying the war into the Free States," it is clear that they have now abandoned it, and it is difficult to see what they have gained by their northward demonstration. They may have added something to their stock of shoes, clothing and medicines, and obtained some horses and cattle, but in no kind of proportion to their needs. What they have gained in this respect has augmented very little their ability to carry on the war, and they will return to their own haunts nearly as naked and as hungry as they left them.

Nor can it be supposed that their experiences in Maryland will tend to elevate their spirits. They found little of that sympathy and co-operation which they expected, and the dulcet proclamations of their Generals fell on cold, unresponsive ears. The thousands of "oppressed Marylanders," who were expected to join their "army of deliverance," shrunk into a few hundred idle and worthless vagabonds. The outbreaks that were to distract the attention of the National armies, and keep them occupied, did not take place. Pennsylvania rose like a lion in their front, and the premonitory equinoctial rains began to swell the Potomac in their rear. But one alternative remained—to fight or to retreat. They seem to have chosen the latter. It remains to be seen if they are to be permitted to perform this difficult manoeuvre, a twentieth time, with entire impunity. It remains to be seen if the pride of our Generals will not prompt them to punish, in some signal manner, the avidity of the movement across the Potomac, and the sublime contempt of their capacity and activity implied in the fact of leaving them, almost unwatched, in the rear. The sluggishness of the anaconda has passed into a proverb, and the rebels have no fear of being caught in its slowly contracting coils.

By latest advices it appears that a large portion, if not the whole, of the rebel army is crossing the Upper Potomac, near Williamsport, Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry. It is said that they attacked Gen. Miles, who, with 7,000 men, is entrenched at the latter place, on the 13th, and were repulsed. Also, that the attack was renewed on the 14th, with what result is unknown. Gen. White, with a small force at Williamsport, is said to have been overwhelmed by numbers, and captured. On the other hand, Gen. Burnside, whose entry into Frederick City was a perfect ovation, is reported pressing closely on the rear of the rebels, compelling them to burn a large part of their train, and capturing many prisoners. The result of all these movements in Maryland, and of the concentration of the Pennsylvania volunteers to the support of Gen. McClellan, must soon be known. Meanwhile speculations are needless.

In Kentucky, the rebels, after having advanced to within four miles of the Ohio, have suddenly fallen back to Florence, and it is believed will continue their retreat to Tennessee. Gen. Bragg is held in check by Gen. Thomas at Nashville. This retrograde movement seems to have been forced by the sudden awakening of the National forces under Gen. Buell, who lay supine on the Alabama border while the rebels pushed past him to the Ohio. It is to be hoped that his awakening has not been too late. With at least 80,000 men under his command, he has shamefully permitted two States to be overrun, and the metropolis of the West threatened with capture. If Court-Martials were not obsolete institutions in this country, Gen. Buell might justly tremble for his spurs, if not his life. That Cincinnati is regarded as safe, very clearly appears from the fact that the militia called together for its defence have been disbanded.

The Union forces in Western Virginia have been compelled to abandon their position at Gauley's Bridge, and fall back down the Kanawha river, with considerable loss. It is probable that the rebel advance here will be checked by the retreat of the main columns east and west. At any rate, it cannot lead to any important result.

Altogether the week opens with brighter skies and improved prospects. The rebel scheme of "transferring the seat of war to the Northern States" is a confessed failure, and the attempt will hardly be repeated. Meantime the new Northern army is getting in fighting trim, a number of the Monitors are nearly ready, and with such radical changes in the field and Cabinet as experience has shown necessary and public opinion demands, it is still within our power to crush the rebellion before the commencement of the New Year.

Postscript.

A severe battle was fought on the 14th Sept., between a detachment of the National forces, under the command of Gens. Hooker, Reno and Franklin, and a large force of the rebels, who had taken up a position on the heights of Hagerstown, in which the rebels were defeated and driven from the field, night putting an end to the contest. The victory was complete and glorious. Gen. Reno was killed.

The Requisitions of the Nation.

THERE has never been a time in the history of this country when the demand for a complete reorganization of the Executive Government has been so earnest and so nearly universal as now. The people have unbounded confidence in the honesty and good intentions of the President, but very little in his general ability and executive energy and power. His hesitation and weakness are partially shielded by his unquestioned integrity; but when he endeavors to throw the cloak of his integrity over the failures and derelictions of his subordinates in the Cabinet and his deputies in the field, as he has ostentatiously done on several occasions, he strips himself without covering those whom he would hide from public censure. "I take the responsibility," is a phrase which would be significant, if not inspiring, in the mouths of men of iron will and inflexible purpose, like Jackson, but they are idle words from the lips of Abraham Lincoln. The heart of the people sinks when they hear them, for they are not deceived as to the capacities of their President. They know that he stands in pre-eminent need of able, upright, consistent, powerful supporters and co-laborers in his Cabinet, and competent and vigorous officers in the field. The stoutest heart and the strongest head that was ever vouchsafed to man might justly shrink to meet the fearful responsibilities that rest on him, and the terrible exigencies that surround him. He needs all that the nation can give of manhood, capacity and prescience to support him.

And yet, what do we see? Are the representative men of the country at his back? Is he surrounded by statesmen and generals whom the nation and the world recognize as capable, in whom they confide, and who can inspire the hearts and nerve the energies of the people? Alas! alas!

A Cabinet organized with reference to party requirements alone, and with a single exception, acknowledged failures in their several departments. Little men on tall pedestals, whose feeble powers no one respects, and whose names neither beget confidence nor inspire enthusiasm!

Generals who have never won a battle; whose records are those of vast armies wasted, time lost, uncounted treasure spent, and a country humiliated and well nigh in despair!

So stands the nation to-day. It sees the President drifting, drifting, helplessly, blindly, and implores him for that change, which, as change alone, would restore its spirit and revive its energies. Are there no names to stir the stagnant blood? Has the storm evoked no spirit powerful enough to direct it? Among a million of men in arms, are there none endowed with genius and born to command? If there be such, let the President summon them to his council and his camp, sternly setting aside the men, whatever their antecedents or personal relations, who "have been weighed in the balance and found wanting." A change must be had. There are evil omens in the air, signs of portent, premonishing anarchy and the violent overthrow of Constitutional authority. It will be well if these shall be heeded in time, before patriotic men, the lovers of law, and the devotees of order shall come to regard even such a change as a relief from the deadly nightmare of incompetence, which loads down the nation and jeopardises its life.

Gas Monopolies.

MONOPOLIES of all sorts are curses, *per se*, but they are often submitted to from apparent or real necessity. The persons or companies holding them seldom fail to abuse their privileges, and when they become rich and powerful they succeed, through influence or bribery, in perpetuating their abuses in defiance of public opinion and the rights of the people. The gas companies of our principal cities are notable examples of abuse of the public. Look at the Manhattan Gas Company of this city! Obtaining its franchises when the cost of manufacture of gas was double what it now is, it has not only kept up high prices, but assumed insufferable manners towards its customers. Its annual profit is not less than 50 per cent. on its capital, and its stock commands 100 per cent. premium. It has magnificent buildings, sumptuous offices, officers with princely salaries, and holds indefinite amounts of property under the disguises of "Reserve" and "Surplus." And yet this company, which is (to use a vulgar term) "rotten" with wealth, contrives to escape from the support of its share of the burthens of the war. As the Tax bill was framed originally, a tax was imposed on gas, with the clear intention, as the context shows, of being collected from the monopolizing companies themselves. But later in the stage of legislation, we find a clause introduced authorizing the monopolists to add the tax to the bills of the consumer! How this was done no one appears to know, but those who are acquainted with the mole-like, and yet efficient way in which monopolies of all sorts operate on legislation, will not be at a loss to divine. The tax, which was intended to reach the fat profits and accumulated wealth of bloated monopolies, by some *hocus pocus*, is fastened on the shoulders of the consumers, already taxed in every article of necessity and luxury.

The gas companies of Philadelphia are not wholly without shame. They have informed their over-taxed customers that they shall pay the tax themselves. But New York monopolists are of a sterner sort. Dives here sweeps up his crumbs, lest Lazarus or the dogs should eat them!

The city undertakes to give us water, and does it. Why not take the supply of light into its own hands? We are glad to see that in view of the action of the gas companies, the Board of Councilmen have passed a resolution directing the Counsel to the Corporation to take measures to transfer the rights and privileges of these companies to the city, in compliance with certain provisions of their charters.

"Norman Aristocracy."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Transcript has taken up an article from a Southern paper in which the writer claims that the Southerners are Normans—evidently under the delusion that to be a Norman is to be something superior to the average human family. When we consider how most of the Southern States were settled, this pretence of superior blood becomes ludicrous. However, as the rebels claim to be Normans, so be it. Now, who were the Normans?

Michelet describes them in his history of France as the pedlars of Europe. He says they wandered through Europe, talking through their noses, stopping everywhere they could make a little money—or, as they expressed it, "partout on il y avait quelque chose à gagner." He says that the same Norman would one day be a pedlar of knick-knacks and the next day the leader of a band of adventurers who were employed in robbing on the highway or in seizing upon lands (or, occasion offering, upon thrones) which did not belong to them. Thus the Norman aristocrat was part pedlar, part knight. The Norman cavalier, that so much is said about, was half soldier of fortune of the Dugald Dalgetty stamp, and half Yankee pedlar of the style described by the Southern newspapers.

The Norman character, so far from being romantic and aristocratic, is, and always has been, decidedly vulgar. To-day, if you will inquire respecting the Normans of any person you meet in France, you will be informed that the Normans *ont les doigts crochus*, which, being interpreted, signifies that the Normans "crook their fingers." At this very day you meet, everywhere in Normandy, the worst of the characteristics which are usually mentioned as peculiarly American, and you come across them in no other province of France.

The ideal Yankee pedlars, that is to say, the pedlars who deal in wooden nutmegs, who sell greased grindstones for cheese, and who drawl through their nose, as well as the man-stealer who treats the negro to-day as the Saxon was treated in old time—and also the filibusters who imitate in Central America the invasion that took place about the year 1,000, in England and the South of Italy—are all of them true representatives of the pure Norman breed.

"What is the aristocracy of England if not a pedlar aristocracy? Very few of the ruling families of England are of ancient, or even of military origin. A little examination will show that the existing aristocratic families of England were founded, almost all of them, either by successful pedlars or (what is a little worse) by successful lawyers. Every one who has travelled through Arkansas or Florida, knows what account to make of the boasted Southern hospitality. Whoever puts up at a house by the wayside in those States must adulterate his host on account of the hospitality extended, and at the same time pay New York hotel prices. I know not how a lonely traveller gets his dinner or a night's rest in the other Southern States, as I have never myself gone through them on horseback, or conversed with any person who has performed that feat. I venture to affirm, however, that a horseback traveller will see six manifestations of the peculiar Yankee pedlar characteristics in the Southern States to where he will see one in the States North of Mason and Dixon's line."

The Southerners have dazzled and bewildered us with their bragging but the delusion is now passing away. The chivalry of sentiment and action in America is to be found at the North, not at the South, and every disinterested observer will affirm it to be so. The Southern chivalry is of the Norman pedlar-pirate stamp.

Woman.

"BARNEY, leave the girls alone," is a bit of homely advice that may well be offered to the host of writers and pamphleteers on women, the "Rights of Women," The Emancipation of Women," etc. What they are to be "emancipated from" does not clearly appear from anything that has yet been written, nor do we perceive precisely what rights they are denied, except those of driving omnibuses, attending primary elections and fighting battles. The truth is, woman has her own sphere, which, in this country at least, she fills rather gracefully and agreeably (albeit with a redundancy of criminality), and is generally, as she ought to be, contented with her lot.

Women do not often achieve greatness for themselves, but they are at the bottom of all that is good and most that is bad in the world. Women are an "unknown quantity" in every enterprise and undertaking in which men embark; but when men begin to make specifications about them—women and their influences—they get hazy and talk nonsense. The misfortune of women is that of late they are expected to be both men and women at once. In the most earnest and distracting terms they are exhorted to make themselves cooks, artists, architects, doctors of every degree, carpenters, painters, glaziers, apothecaries, chemists, printers—every conceivable variety of human speciality; they are enjoined to be fascinating, to be graceful, to be feminine, to be self-asserting, self-denying, obedient, independent, emancipated—correct in all their accounts, moral and arithmetical—everything at once. The din of "Parthians, Medes, Elamites and dwellers in Mesopotamia," all speaking at once, was nothing to the clamor of incompatible good advices, with humming accompaniment of dull nonsense, with which the Condition-of-Woman question is beset. If women were left alone for a little while, some one who could interpret for them might be found; women will speak their own word in time—they will find out what it is they really want—what they do not want to do—and what they have a genuine desire to do—and when they will do it. They will grow of themselves, if allowed; but they certainly resemble cats in the impossibility of making them mind what is said to them.

Women pay not the least regard to the sententious definitions about themselves, and it is wasted wisdom to utter them. The special blessing to be prayed for at present upon women is, that they should be delivered from the fictitious element that is raised up around them—the flattery and false deference which keep out the light and air from them. The one sensible suggestion, made amid the clatter of tongues, in these later days, is, that women should test what they can do by the same standard and the same tests that are applied to men; and then, whether it be little or whether it be much, the result will at least be genuine and sterling, so far as it goes. Human beings can only thrive in an element of veracity.

Weaning.

WHATEVER may be the other results of the present war, one thing is certain, it will effect the thorough emancipation of our people from foreign influence. It will ossify the gristle and harden the muscle of our character. There never was so thorough an indifference to foreign opinion or so complete contempt of foreign power in this country as now. Praise or blame, whether it be from the European press or from European statesmen, is alike idle and unavailing. Divided or single, we have found out that we are more than a match for any force, naval or military, that Europe can bring against us. We shall have within 90 days an iron-clad navy capable of demolishing the combined fleets of Europe. The "Monitors" now building are capable of destroying the English and French navies in an hour; and we can put 1,000,000 of men in the field in less time than Great Britain can raise 100,000. But the relative force question is one no longer worth considering. The events of the last year have settled that. With this development of our material strength will come—ay, has already come—our independence in all other respects. We are becoming, through God's blessing and our misfortunes, less and less like Europe and more and more unlike England—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The more reflecting and precocious of European newspapers perceive this. Among them the *Saturday Review*, which is nothing if it be not a reviler of America, is compelled to say:

"Whatever be the result of the civil war now raging in America, there seems little doubt that it will tend more and more to develop the national character of the people, and to efface what yet remains of habit and sentiment akin to those of the mother-country. In a few years, if we mistake not, even the affection of a claim to English descent and of regard for English tradition will be lost throughout the greater part of the States. Whatever may be the proportions in which the blood of so many races is now mingled in the body of the American population, we perceive more clearly every day, that the result of the fusion has been to produce a national character, sufficiently strongly marked, diverging widely in almost every particular from the English type."

A Southern Illustrated Newspaper.

The South is going to have an art as well as a literature of its own. It is resolved to have pictures of its own. By one wide bound it leaps to the dignity of an illustrated newspaper. We have before us *The Southern Illustrated News* bearing date of Richmond, Sept. 18, 1862. It is called illustrated, because it has one picture—an archaic portrait of "Stonewall Jackson." The editor, in his "Salutatory" confesses that the time for starting his paper is not altogether propitious, and that he "labors under some material disadvantages arising out of the blockade," but still he is hopeful if not confident. He promises not to give pictures of victories that were never won, nor to sketch the taking of capitals that never surrendered, as have the illustrated weeklies of Yankeeedom. Nor shall we attempt to make one engraved head serve as a portrait for "poet, statesman, fiddler and buffoon"—passing off the likeness of a British orator for an American divine, and bringing it out again, upon occasion, for a new Major-General.

The literary contents of the new Southern candidate for popular favor are various. Essays, Criticism, Poetry and Fiction, we are assured, are to have their proper place and proportions, and are all to have the "true Southern flavor." What this is, may perhaps be inferred from the following extracts from the *Illustrated News* itself. It discourages

ON YANKEE LITERATURE.

"Before the war we resigned to the Yankees the literary, as completely as the manufacturing market. Of course they supplied us with such wares as they thought proper in both respects. Yankee shoes, Yankee hats, and Yankee broadcloth, have long since become proverbial for their want of every requisite that constitutes a valuable article. Yankee literature is, with a very few exceptions, the opprobrium of the universe. There is nothing like it in all history. There is no form of language or combination of terms by which it can be described. High life in New York has been described as a very bad imitation of second-class society in Liverpool. Yankee literature is a very bad imitation of the most indifferent class of English literature. Imitation, in fact, forms the substratum of the Yankee mind. The Yankee is, to an uncommon extent, an imitative animal. Utterly destitute of original genius, in all the mechanical arts, he is an imitator. In works of imagination, where imitation always degrades, because it carries us farther off every step from nature, he is always a deceiver. There have been many Yankee versifiers; but all the Yankee poetry that ever was written might be comprised in a book very little larger than a child's primer. Who, in Europe, ever reads the carloads of doggerel verses and bad novels that issue every year from the presses of the Harpers and Putnams, and such like publishers, in New York and Boston? That they are read in Yankeeedom is but too true, and that is one cause of the degeneration of the English language in that corner of the globe."

ON THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

"When McClellan's hosts landed on the Peninsula, it seemed sufficiently numerous to trample our little band into the earth, like so much mire beneath its feet. It appeared before our lines, where our men had determined to make a last desperate stand. Night fell upon the opposing forces. To us it was a night of intense anxiety. Our gallant leader expected to be assaulted at daybreak, and saw no better fate prepared for him than that which befel the heroes of Thermopylae. To his utter amazement, the next morning, instead of assaulting him and crushing him to the earth, he found that McClellan's prodigious force were actively engaged in throwing up earthworks for their own protection, and to enable them, by means of their long-range guns, to shell his works with impunity. It is impossible to account for this strange oversight of McClellan, on any other supposition than that Providence interposed in our favor. He never recovered from it during the campaign. The opportunity thus thrown away could never be regained. It was the turning point in the enterprise. Reinforcements began to pour in, the position became stronger every hour, until at last our General felt no uneasiness as to the result. We all remember how McClellan wasted the time which should have been spent in advancing upon Richmond, in besieging the position which he might have carried in a few hours; how, when he found it convenient, Gen. Johnston evacuated that position without losing a man; at Williamsburg, another opportunity was offered him, to destroy the army of Johnston in a great battle, but he seemed in no hurry to take advantage of it. On the contrary, a mere rear-guard action gave him such a dose, that he permitted the Confederate General quietly to move off and drop back, until he found himself in the vicinity of Richmond, with his front covered by the Chickahominy. How Lee overcame the Yankees—how he contrived to throw the larger part of his force on his left, while his right held McClellan's left at bay—how he brought down Jackson from the mountains to operate on the flank and rear of the enemy—how, for seven long days, he drove the enemy before him, until he was lodged him at Berkeley, 30 miles from Richmond—how McClellan claimed a victory every day, and called a race for life 'a change of base'—how he lied until he lost all claim to be considered even a gentleman—how he finally left his wounded, stealing off like a thief in the night, with an army scarcely more than one-third as strong as it had been originally—all this it would require more space than we have at command to tell as it should be told. For it comprises some of the most splendid combinations known to the art of war, the conception of which has placed the author in the front rank of Generals. It is true that the success was not so great as the General had a right to expect, but it was no fault of his. It was still immense. It freed the Capital of the Confederacy from danger, it paralyzed and almost destroyed the arguments and best equipped army that ever marched upon American soil, and it paved the way to results which are even now in process of development, and which promises to be important beyond all that have yet taken place since this war began."

ON BUTLER.

Gen. Butler, under the alliterative designation of "Butler the Beast," comes in a poetical "Toast from the Devil," concluding,

"Come stir the damned to howl and yell—
Fit music for our rousing feast—
And toss the flaming wine of hell
To BUTLER, our brother Beast!"

ON THE HEROIC DEAD.

The "heroic dead who fell in our late victories" have a "Dirge" concluding as follows:

"Ye died as heroes die,
Beneath the Triple Burs,
With a warrior's brand
In each good right hand,
For the glorious Southern Stars.

"A requiem for the valiant dead—
A tear for the fallen brave,
Who made libation of their blood
Their native land to save.

"A dirge and a knell
For the brave who fell
In the fight with the Northern foe;
A Star and a Crown,
For the young renown,
Who in honor, ed graves lie low."

OUR "SWEET COUSINS!"—The kind of criticism on this country which is served out to the vulgar herd of Englishmen by the English press is very well indicated by the following "average" specimen from the London *Weekly Dispatch*. After accusing the North with all the crimes known to man, culminating with the "Morrill Tariff," this newspaper continues:

"Do we live in the nineteenth century? Do these men speak the English tongue, the vernacular of the Pilgrim Fathers; read our Bible, or worship the same God? Or are they but the monkey-tigers that Voltaire called the men who afterwards 'consolidated' the despotism of Napoleon. These fire-eaters have called out 300,000 men; they won't come; barely 10,000, drawn by enormous bounties, even pretend that they will enlist. Bonaparte's furious forthwith calls for 300,000 more! Bonaparte commands the rebels to return to their allegiance; they put him shamefully to the rout, and as he runs away from his conquerors, he orders all his pursuers to execution? He offers a bounty of \$100 for recruits to an army whose pay is six months in arrears, and whose half-rations have not yet been paid for. He votes \$200,000,000 of expenditure, and has postponed till the Greek Kalends the collection of the revenue that is to defray it. Bankum, brag, boss, go on from im-

becile folly to contemptible gasconade—until, from being merely detested for their causeless antipathy to us, and their cowardly rejoicing over our crisis of extremity, they have forced us to scorn them for shameless mendacity, and to despise them for feeble magniloquence and imbecile menace."

THE MAPLEWOOD INSTITUTE.—Among the many admirable establishments for female education, that most difficult of all tasks, considering the romance and tenderness of that sex which is only a little lower than the angels, the Young Ladies' Institute at Maplewood, Pittsfield, Mass., stands pre-eminent for its excellent moral and mental training. Its great object is to turn out a sound mind in a sound body, and consequently its pupils are not alone among the most intelligent, but healthful of our young ladies. The grounds of the Institute embrace an area of nine acres, one half of which is laid out in a garden and lawn, surrounded and intersected by gravel walks, ornamented with arbors and shrubbery and flowers, enlivened with a large artificial fountain, and the whole secluded from public gaze by a dense border of forest and ornamental trees. In addition to this, a large hall, 90 feet in length, by 50 in breadth, is fitted up with the most complete arrangements for calisthenic and gymnastic exercises, where the pupils engage in attractive sports, and under daily drill, by an accomplished teacher, practise exercises adapted to give development and grace to the proportions and movements of the physical system.

"GIVE us the right men in the right place, and there is no danger of the result." Yes, the policy of putting round men into three-cornered holes is visibly "laved out." It is a losing one at all times, and a ruinous one in times of public peril.

GEN. HUNTER asserts publicly that had he been encouraged and commanded to raise black troops in the South when he first went to Port Royal, he could have had by this time under arms an army of not less than 150,000 able-bodied men, sufficient to restore law and order in all the Southern tier of States, without asking another soldier from the North.

GENERALS.—"We have not been prompt enough in discharging those who have failed. It is easy enough for commanders to find excuses for their failures. But the old proverb still remains true, that a man who is good on excuses is good for nothing else. We have officers high in command who have been uniformly unsuccessful. Grant that their failure is only due to some ill luck. The nation cannot afford to have such unlucky men entrusted with the guardianship of its life."

REBEL BARBARITY.—The British press, which still shudders in affected horror over Gen. Butler's harmless order about shameless women, will hear no word of condemnation for the abuses practised on our prisoners of war in Richmond. How they are treated appears from the following letter from Lieut. Widvey, captured at the battle of Cedar Mountain, and dated Richmond, August 16:

"I am where least of any place on earth I would be, in a Southern prison. The place is a most horrible one. The place wherein we are is 35 by 50 feet, and contains 146 prisoners, 36 of whom are officers, including Gen. Prince. It is dark and filthy beyond description. We sleep on the damp, dirty floor, without blankets or bedding of any kind. Our food is bread and fresh beef, without salt. We get only half rations, and are excluded from buying anything outside. We are deprived of water, except what is drawn from the filthy James River, which is as warm as if heated over a fire. You have no idea how shamefully we are treated."

BACK TRACK.—Gen. Halleck has written a letter to Mr. Aspinwall to say that his telegraphic dispatch to the New York War Committee, reflecting on the New York three months' regiments, was all a mistake, and that "the order sending back these troops at the end of their enlistment had been previously issued without the knowledge of the Secretary of War or himself."

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS."—Biography is seldom candid. But there are exceptions to all rules. We have one, as regards biographies, in the recent "Memoir of the late Martin Van Buren," by Mr. Butler. Mr. V. Van Buren, it will be remembered, was the Free Soil candidate for the Presidency in 1848.

"The Free Soil campaign of 1848 is fresh enough in recollection to need no historian as yet. Mr. Van Buren's name was in it, but not his head nor his heart. Great words were inscribed on its banners—Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Labor, and Free Men. But they were words of advance, not of strategy, and Mr. Van Buren was too deeply interested in his old political notions to utter them in earnest."

THE EXCELSIORS.—The loss of the Excelsior or Sickles Brigade, in the recent battles before Washington, was 41 killed, 212 wounded and 66 missing—total 319.

"BUELL."—Everybody knows that the enterprising General, at the head of 75,000 men, whom the rebel Sidney Johnson kept at bay at Bowling Green with 12,000, was named Buell. Everybody knows that the dawdler who nearly lost us the battle of Pittsburg Landing by his criminal delays, was named Buell. And all the world knows that Buell was sent to liberate East Tennessee, but is held in such thorough contempt by the rebel Generals that they do not stop to fight him, but march past him and leave him in their rear, in perfect confidence that all he will do will be to restrain, perhaps court-martial such of his officers as may be disposed to make war. Buell is furthermore the remarkably intelligent officer who don't know "what the war is about!" The little that remains to be known about Buell is furnished by the Chicago Tribune:

"Before the war broke out he was merely a paymaster in the army who lounged about the taverns of Washington, spending his leisure in cursing the 'Black Republicans' and eulogizing slavery. He is a brother-in-law of the infamous old traitor Twiggs. He professes to be loyal to the Union, but his actions show that his first allegiance is to the 'divine institution.'"

THUNDER ON!—The correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, now with the army, writes:

"I appeal to every editor and orator, to every village, hamlet and house—thunder on! Let it be demanded in tones and tears that will arouse and move the chief appointing power, that officials who fail must leave their posts, that only efficiency shall be the qualification for office, and that the triumph of our armies shall be the only end to be striven for by commander, President, politician or people in this appalling hour."

A GENERAL ARMING.—We regret to see the clamor which comes from every quarter for a general arming of our population. It is occasioned by an unmanly fright, and is calculated to do infinite damage in withdrawing men from useful and productive occupations, to spend their time in trying to be poor soldiers. The Government has called for and will receive all the troops it needs or will know what to do with. What we really need is not more men, but competent Generals. This frantic calling for more soldiers is a sign of real weakness of heart. What we want is not the legions of Xerxes, but the spirit of the Greeks, who beat them. If we cannot conquer the South with 1,000,000 men, it is quite clear that with 2,000,000 we shall only conquer ourselves by exhausting the nation's resources.—*World*.

THE speedy marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra, daughter of Prince Christian, heir presumptive to the Crown of Denmark, is formally announced. It is to take place next spring. Meantime Marlborough House is fitting up for the reception of the young couple. Photographs represent the future Queen as possessed of a figure and face rarely met with among reigning houses.

FRANK, CERTAINLY.—The London *Athenaeum*, in a review of a book just published by one of the rebel stipendiaries in England, ridicules the idea that there exists anything like "sympathy" between the South and Great Britain, other than that founded on interest. It says:

"There is a fashion just now to speak in an absurd tone of the South; to represent her as animated with European chivalry, formed by European culture, ennobled of feudal traditions, and peopled with men and women drawn from the best blood of old England. Sensible men would do well to discount this foolish and delusive rhodomontade, and recognize the truth—that the South can offer no just reason why

ever why they should love England, and that in their own hearts the English friends of the South lean towards her simply because they want her cotton. * * * We stand in need of the slaveholding Federation as a 'business connection.' It is not in the nature of things that she can ever be (while she remains what she is) our trusted friend. * * * She knows as well as we do that the Morrill Tariff would disaffection between Great Britain and the North, and the new Tariff Bill has completed what the Morrill Tariff began. Not I so clearly does she see that as is our hostility to the North so is our good-will to her; that it is the good-will of self-interest, leading us to her because we want to buy what she has to sell, not because we care for what she thinks—least of all, because she admires our aristocratic institutions."

A CORRESPONDENT of a "morning paper," speaking of the confusion and contradictions which exist in regard to the recent operations in Virginia, observes:

"The accounts which have been published are full of contradictions and misstatements, and all together nothing accurate or complete is now known to the country. Those few correspondents who remained behind had to lurk about in assumed capacities, and did not dare to go where correct information could be found. Thus the order has had the effect to leave two of the most important weeks in our country's history a blank, compared with the full accounts which the newspapers have furnished of all other periods."

A NEGRO ARMY.—The Hilton Head correspondent of the New York *Herald*, writing under date of September 8th, states that on the 25th of August Secretary Stanton authorized Gen. Saxton to organize in squads, companies, battalions, regiments and brigades, 50,000 able-bodied negroes, to be employed as laborers, and to be turned over to the Quartermaster's Department. They are to be paid from \$7 to \$9 per month, according to their abilities. Secretary Stanton gives Gen. Saxton the further authority to recruit, arm and equip 5,000 negroes, who are to be uniformed, rationed and paid as are the white soldiers of this command. These African troops are to recapture the posts and plantations we have evacuated, and to secure the crops that have been from time to time abandoned.

To the Literary Public.

Considerable sums have been paid to foreign authors for the right of publishing their productions in this country simultaneously with their appearance abroad. We believe that proportionate inducements will call out, in the United States, talent in all respects equal to that which is displayed in the foreign productions so eagerly caught up and reprinted here; and that in the country of Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne and Holmes the field of Fiction offers as wide a range and as hopeful promise as in any part of the world. In this belief, as well as to secure to our readers something truly original and indigenous, the Publisher of this paper offers

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for the Best Original Novel, of a length to fill, as nearly as may be, 76 pages of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER; subject and scene at the discretion of the author. To be sent in on or before the 1st of May, 1863.

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for the Best Original Tale, to fill about 26 pages of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER; subject and scene at discretion of author; to be sent in on or before the 1st of January, 1863.

\$100

for the Best Short Tale of from one to two pages of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, to be sent in on or before the 1st of November, 1862.

\$50

for the Second Best Short Tale as above.

N. B.—Should any of the productions sent in, not receiving a prize, be regarded as of value for publication, the Proprietor of this paper will open negotiations with their authors for their purchase. Those not accepted will be scrupulously returned to their authors, with strictest reserve.

All productions should be directed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, N. Y., and indorsed "Prize."

IF we respectfully request our brethren of the press, not less for the sake of American Literature and American Authors than for our own, to give publicity to the above offer.

NEWS, SCRAPS AND ITEMS.

THE armed rebel steamer Yorktown, bound from Mobile to Havana, was totally lost on the 26th of August. Crew saved.

GEN. POPE's Department of the North-West embraces Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska and Dakota. His headquarters will be at St. Paul, Minn.

On the 3d inst., the steamer W. B. Terry, with two Dahlgren howitzers on board, while aground in the Tennessee river, at Duck Shoals, 100 miles above the river's mouth, was captured by guerrillas and destroyed.

THE following are the names of the Major-Generals of Volunteers in actual service: N. P. Banks, J. A. Dix, B. F. Butler, D. Hunter, E. D. Morgan, E. A. Hitchcock, U. S. Grant, I. McDowell, A. G. Burdette, D. C. Buell, J. Pope, S. E. Curtis, F. Sigel, J. A. McClellan, L. Wallace, O. M. Mitchell, C. M. Clay, G. H. Thomas, G. Caldwell, N. T. Sherman, H. G. Wright, E. O. C. Ord, E. V. Sumner, S. F. Heintzelman, E. D. Keyes, Fitzjohn Porter, W. B. Franklin, A. McD. McCook, N. Nelson, J. Hooker, T. L. Crittenden.

GOV. MORTON, of Indiana, has issued a proclamation exempting from the draft the "people called Shakers or Quakers," but requiring them to pay an amount of money which shall be deemed an equivalent for such exemption.

ENGLAND'S NATIONAL DEBT.—The weight of England's National debt is estimated in gold to be \$322,000,000; in silver, 120,000 tons. To transport it across a sea, in gold, would require a fleet of 25 ships of 250 tons burthen, or it might be carried by land in 12,680 one-horse carts; these would extend in a single line 55 miles; 281,700 men might carry it, each man to carry 60 lbs. Put it in five-dollar gold-pieces, and pile it one upon another, and it would be 710 miles in length.

THE ELLSWORTH AVENGERS.—This picked organization has had a most fatal existence. Our citizens may remember, when it marched through this city but a few months ago, what eulogistic comments were made in regard to its appearance, and the excellent material of which it was made up. It was then 4,000 strong. It went into the last fight at Manassas with 147 men and 6 officers. It came out with 78 men and 5 officers. What a fearful havoc has the swamps of the Chickahominy and the rebel riflemen made in the ranks of this noble command. Poor fellows! green be the turf above such heroic, devoted, unflinching martyrs.

WAR NEWS.

Defeat of Rebels in North Carolina.

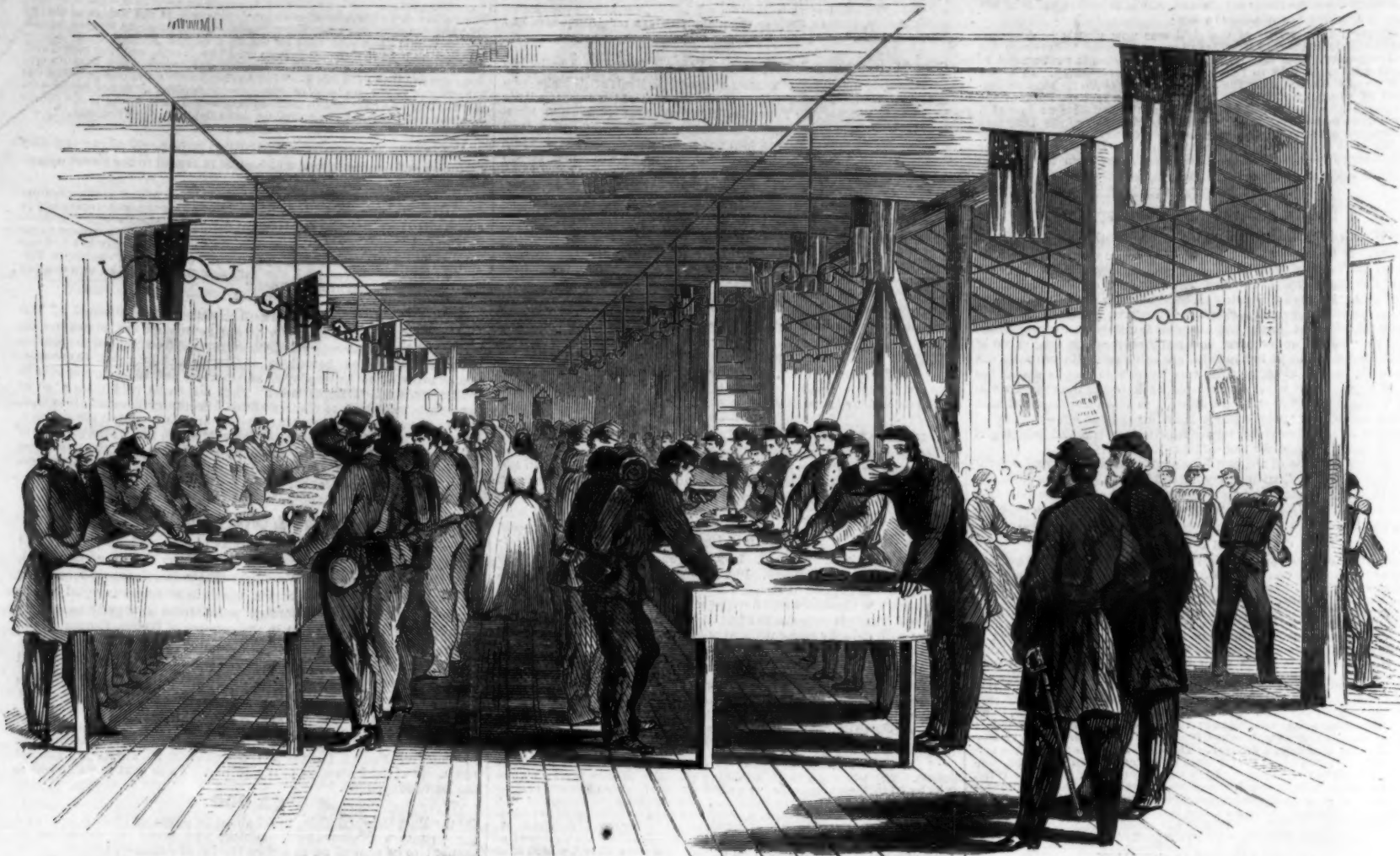
AN engagement took place on the 2d inst. at Plymouth, N. C., between 300 of our forces, commanded by Sergeant Green, and 1,400 of the enemy under Colonel Garrett. The fight lasted about an hour and resulted in the complete rout of the enemy. Col. Garrett and about 40 other rebels were captured, and 30 killed. A company of loyal North Carolinians participate in the action.

National Victory at Washington, N. C.

On the 6th of September an engagement took place at the town of Washington, N. C., between 500 National troops and 1,200 rebels, resulting in the defeat of the latter, after a conflict of two hours. They were driven back seven miles. The gunboat Louisiana rendered essential service in shelling the rebels out of the strong position they had seized. The gunboat Picket was blown up by an accidental explosion of her magazine. Captain Nichols and 19 men were killed, and six wounded. Our loss on shore was seven killed and 47 wounded, while 30 rebels were killed and 35 taken prisoners.

Repulse of the Rebels at Williamsburg.

The attack was made on the morning of September 8th, by a rebel cavalry force on our pickets stationed near Williamsburg, Va. These were captured, and the enemy then marched into the town, which was garrisoned by the 5th Pennsylvania cavalry, under Col. Campbell. Our troops were taken by surprise, but soon rallied, and an engagement ensued which lasted about half an hour, and was terminated by the retreat of the enemy. Col. Shingles, the rebel commander, with eight of his officers and nine men were killed, and several prisoners taken. Col. Campbell, with five captives, four horsemen and a few privates were captured by the enemy.



INTERIOR OF THE UNION REFRESHMENT SALOON, CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND SWANSON STREETS, PHILADELPHIA, FOR THE USE OF THE NATIONAL TROOPS EN ROUTE FOR THE WAR.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. H. SCHELL.

NATIONAL REFRESHMENT SALOONS IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE want of proper refreshment for our troops while on their way to Washington was the cause of much complaint during the last year. Some special regiments were received by the municipal authorities and their officers royally feasted, but as a general rule our brave soldiers had to trust to chance and their own knapsacks for sustenance on the road. This neglect has now been amply provided for by the organization of refreshment saloons in various parts of Philadelphia, and conveniently placed near the railroad, so that they could be entertained with the least possible loss of time. We give sketches of two of these caravansaries, one the old Cooper shop,

and his brother the 9th. Their exploits in the West have been duly chronicled by us. Gen. Wallace is now military commander of Covington, Ky., where he awaits the assault of the rebel hordes who are said to be advancing to cross the Ohio. Before repairing to Covington he had placed Cincinnati in a proper state of defence.

THE REBEL IRON RAM PROW.

WHEN our troops took possession of Memphis, there was found in the Navy Yard an immense iron prow, 16 feet in length and seven feet from the point of the snout. This was the fellow to that on the rebel ram Arkansas, which did so much damage to our gunboats in its run from the Yazoo river to Vicksburg, and whose recent destruction by the rebels themselves we have already recorded. As a curiosity in the art of destruction, we engrave Mr. Lovie's sketch of this interesting piece of mechanism.

AN ENGLISHMAN AND THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.—The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* relates the following incident: An Englishman, named Greaves, went to Washington to see war, and soon after washing

When the gentleman asked his name, "John Smith," answered the officer. Highly incensed at this second indignity, Mr. Greaves demanded his card, producing his own.

The officer now appeared to wish to get rid of the matter, turning on his heel in the direction of the Capitol, exclaiming, "Psha!"

The Englishman followed him up the steps of the Capitol. On reaching the top, the officer turned round and said,

"Well, sir, what are you following me for? What do you want?"

"I want your name," answered Mr. Greaves, "and I will follow you until I learn what it is."

The officer ordered him to leave the place, but to no purpose. Both parties appeared to be getting excited, when, fortunately, at this instant a door opened, and Capt. Darling made his appearance.

"Capt. Darling," commanded the officer, "take this man away."

Capt. Darling at once advanced and took charge of Mr. Greaves.

"Before I leave," said Mr. Greaves, "I demand that you shall tell me the name of that officer."

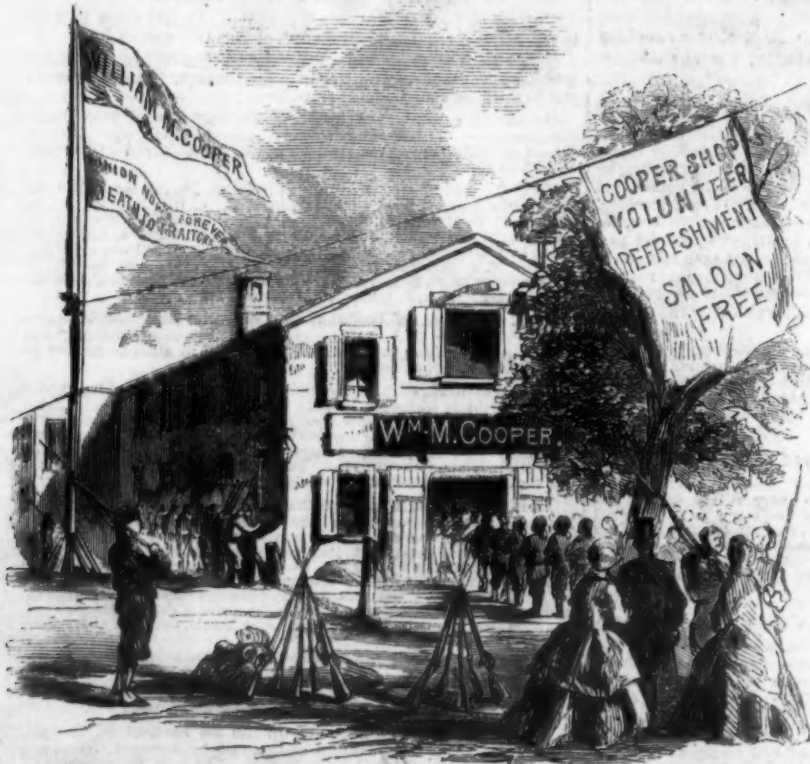
"That," answered Capt. Darling, "is Gen. Halleck, Commander-in-Chief of the American army."

The Englishman wilted.

A NOVEL SCENE.—A member of the Massachusetts 13th regiment, writing a day or two after the battle of Cedar Mountain, speaks as follows of the proceedings subsequent to the battle:

"Day before yesterday the battle-field was under the white flag and open to all parties. It was a novel sight to see the Yankee 'mudsills' and the seesh lying on the grass side by side, debating the war question. Then you would see a group of four playing euchre—two of our soldiers against two of theirs. The two armies, for the time being, were on the most friendly terms. There was no danger of disturbance, as no arms were allowed on the field by either party."

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF ENGLAND.—Michelet, the French author, says: "England was always a mystery to me till I visited it. I found it a great sandbank enveloped in a fog. The fog fed the grass, the grass fed the sheep, the sheep fed the men."



EXTERIOR OF THE COOPER SHOP REFRESHMENT SALOON, FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE UNION VOLUNTEERS ON THEIR WAY TO WASHINGTON.

and the other the more pretentious House of Entertainment, corner of Fifth and Swanson streets. The order, dispatch and completeness of the arrangements deserve high praise, and the hearty thanks of our brave volunteers are the best rewards their superintendents can receive. The Americans are a rapid and adaptive people, and, should the war last another year, our arrangements will be an example for all nations, should they be cursed with that terrible scourge.

BRIG-GEN. LEWIS WALLACE.

We gave in No. 299 a beautiful equestrian picture of Gen. Lewis Wallace with his Staff. We now present a copy of the latest photograph of this noble patriot soldier. Lew Wallace, as he is familiarly and fondly called by his men, was born in Indiana, where he has passed the greater part of his life. At the commencement of the rebellion he organized the 11th Indiana regiment of Zouaves,

his face took a stroll in the Capitol grounds. Here he soon met an officer walking alone, of whom he inquired what that magnificent structure was used for (pointing to the Capitol).

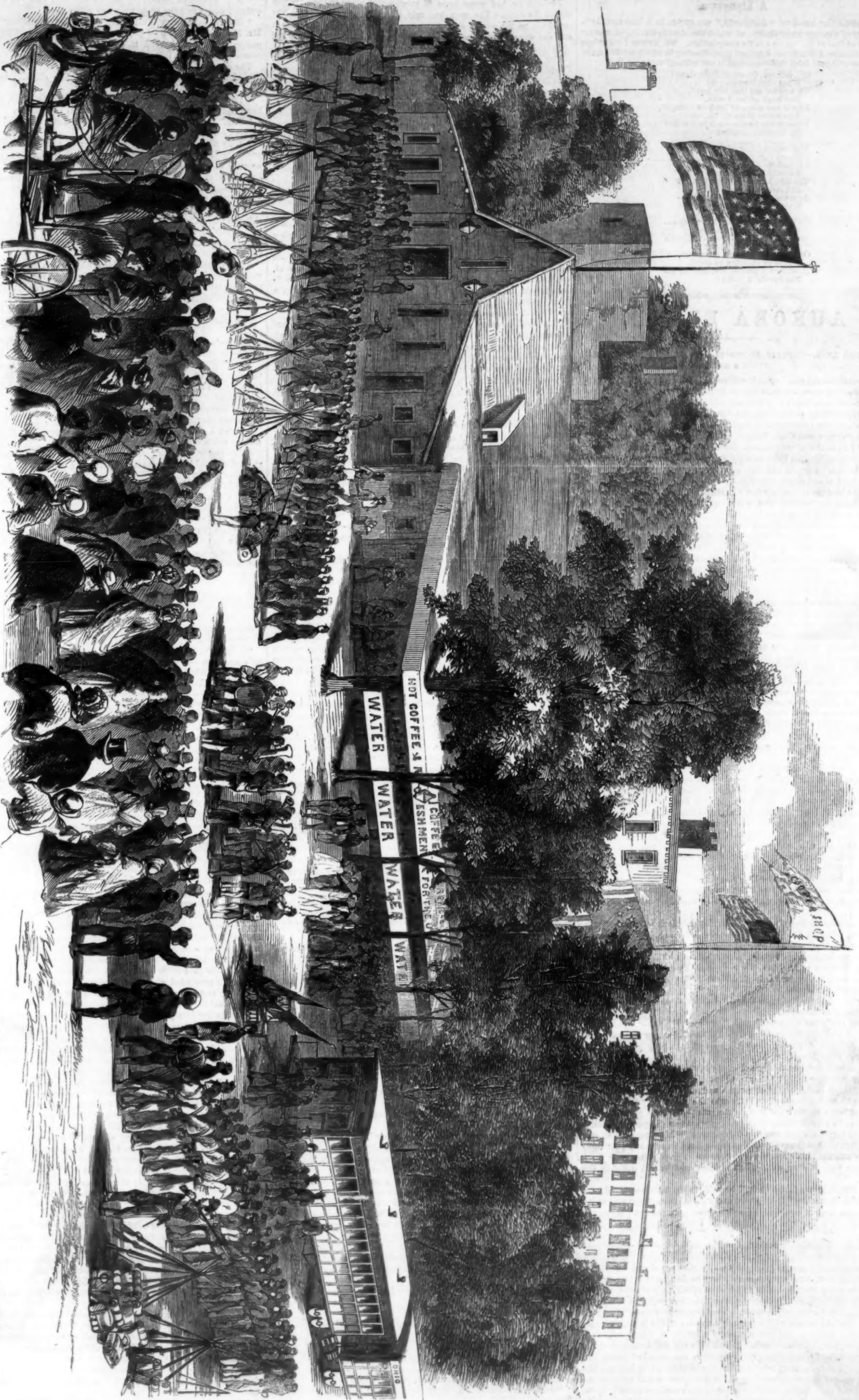
"That," answered the officer, "is the bakery for the United States army."

This singular answer somewhat took Mr. Greaves aback, who, remonstrating at what he considered an unwarrantable joke under the circumstances, received for reply,

"That is the only answer you will get, sir, and if you don't like it you must take your own remedy."



WASHING DEPARTMENT OF THE UNION REFRESHMENT SALOON, PHILADELPHIA.



ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF NATIONAL SOLDIERS, ON THEIR WAY TO WASHINGTON, AT THE UNION VOLUNTEER REFRESHMENT SALOON, CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND SWANSTON STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. H. SCHILL.

A Lipogram.

UNDER the head of "Sibilants," we gave, in a late number, a poem of average endurability, of which the distinguishing characteristic was that of having no s in its composition. Mr. Arthur Locker has gone one step further, and supplied the following in which neither c nor s is used. Apart from this feature, it is not without some merit.

Oh, tell me, Queen of Fairy-land!
What elfin lore may do
To win for me that lily hand,
The hand of her I woo.
I need not name or herb or draught,
You know them all too well;
Prepare the bowl—let it be quaffed
By haughty Amabel.

That winged boy of Pagan fame
Heard only half my prayer;
I hoped for mutual love—a flame
To weld in one the pair;
The tiny rogue employed no art
Her lofty pride to quell—
At me alone he aimed the dart—
Why not at Amabel?

To him I'll plead for aid no more—
The Love-God of old Rome;
But, patriot-like, I mean to implore
The Fairy-folk of Home!
On hill-top, or beneath leafy tree,
Where'er ye deign to dwell,
Hark to my prayer, and win for me
The lovely Amabel!

AURORA FLOYD.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CAPTAIN PRODDER CARRIES BAD NEWS TO HIS NIECE'S HOUSE.

WHILE Aurora stood upon the threshold of the open window, a man was lingering upon the broad stone steps before the door of the entrance-hall, remonstrating with one of John Mellish's servants, who held supercilious parley with the intruder, and kept him at arm's length with the contemptuous indifference of a well-bred servant.

The stranger was Capt. Samuel Prodder, who had arrived at Doncaster late in the afternoon, had dined at the "Reindeer," and had come over to Mellish Park in a gig driven by a hanger-on of that establishment. The gig and the hanger-on were both in waiting at the bottom of the steps; and if there had been any thing wanting to turn the balance of the footman's contempt for Capt. Prodder's blue coat, loose shirt-collar and silver watch-chain, the gig from the Reindeer would have done it.

"Yes, Mrs. Mellish is at home," the gentleman in plush replied, after surveying the sea-captain with a leisurely and critical air, which was rather provoking to poor Samuel; "but she's engaged."

"But perhaps she'll put off her engagement for a bit when she hears who it is as wants to see her," answered the captain, diving into his capacious pocket. "She'll tell a different story, I dare say, when you take her that bit of pasteboard."

He handed the man a card, or rather let me say a stiff square of thick pasteboard, inscribed with his name, so disguised by the flourishing caprices of the engraver as to be not very easily deciphered by unaccustomed eyes. The card bore Capt. Prodder's address as well as his name, and informed his acquaintances that he was part owner of the Nancy Jane, and that all consignments of goods were to be made to him at etc., etc.

The footman took the document between his thumb and finger, and examined it minutely as if it had been some relic of the Middle Ages. A new light dawned upon him as he deciphered the information about the Nancy Jane, and he looked at the captain for the first time with some approach to human interest in his countenance.

"Is it cigars you want to dispose of?" he asked, "or bandannas? If it's cigars, you might come round to our 'all and show us the article."

"Cigars!" roared Samuel Prodder. "Do you take me for a smuggler, you—?" Here followed one of those hearty seafaring epithets with which polite Mr. Chucks was apt to finish his speeches. "I'm your misanthrope's own uncle; leastways, I—I knew her mother when she was a little gal," he added in considerable confusion; for he remembered how far away his sea-captainship thrust him from Mrs. Mellish and her well-born husband; "so just take her my card, and look sharp about it, will you?"

"We've a dinner-party," the footman said, coldly, "and I don't know if the ladies have returned to the drawing-room; but if you're anyways related to misanthrope—I'll go and see."

The man strolled leisurely away, leaving poor Samuel biting his nails in mute vexation at having let slip that ugly fact of her relationship.

"That swab in the same out coat as Lord Nelson wore aboard the Victory, will look down upon her now he knows she's niece to a old sea-captain that carries dry-goods on commission, and can't keep his tongue between his teeth," he thought.

The footman came back while Samuel Prodder was upbraiding himself for his folly, and informed him that Mrs. Mellish was not to be found in the house.

"Who's that playin' upon the pianer, then?" asked Mr. Prodder, with sceptical bluntness.

"Oh, that's the elgymist's wife," answered the man contemptuously; "a ciddyvong guiness, I should think, for she plays too well for a real lady. Missus don't play—leastways only pawlkers and that sort of think. Good-night."

He closed the two half-glass doors upon Capt. Prodder without further ceremony, and shut Samuel out of his niece's house.

"To think that I played hopscotch and swopped marbles for hard-bake with this gal's mother," thought the captain, "and that her servant turns up his nose at me and shuts the door in my face!"

It was in sorrow rather than in anger that the disappointed sailor thought this. He had scarcely hoped for any thing better. It was only natural that those about his niece should flout at and contemptuously treat him. Let him go to her—let him come only for a moment face to face with Eliza's child, and he did not fear the issue.

"I'll walk through the Park," he said, to the man who had driven him from Doncaster; "it's a nice evenin', and there's pleasant walks under the trees to win'ard. You can drive back into the high-road and wait for me agen that ere turnstile I took notice of as we came along."

The driver nodded, smacked his whip, and drove his elderly gray pony towards the Park gates. Capt. Samuel Prodder went, slowly and deliberately enough, the way that it was appointed for him to go. The Park was a strange territory to him; but while driving past the outer boundaries he had looked admiringly at chance openings in the wood, revealing grassy amphitheatres enriched by spreading oaks, whose branches made a shadowy tracery upon the sunlit turf. He had looked with a seaman's wonder at the inland beauties of a quiet domain, and had pondered whether it might not be a pleasant thing for an old sailor to end his days amid such monotonous woodland tranquillity, far away from the sound of wreck and tempest and the mighty voices of the dreadful deep; and, in his disappointment at not seeing Aurora, it was some consolation to the captain to walk across the dewy grass in the evening shadows, in the direction where, with a sailor's unerring topographical instinct, he knew the turnstile must be situated.

Perhaps he had some hope of meeting his niece in the pathway across the Park. The man had told him that she was out. She could not be far away, as there was a dinner-party at the house; and she was scarcely likely to leave her guests. She was wandering about the Park most likely with some of them.

The shadows of the trees grew darker upon the grass as Capt. Prodder drew nearer to the wood; but it was that sweet summer time in which there is scarcely one positively dark hour amongst the 24; and though the village clock chimed the half-hour after nine as the sailor entered the wood, he was able to distinguish the outlines of two figures advancing towards him from the other end of the long arcade, that led in a slanting direction to the turnstile.

The figures were those of a man and woman, the woman wearing some light-colored dress, which shimmered in the dusk, the man leaning on a stick and obviously very lame.

"Is it my niece and one of her visitors?" thought the captain; "maybe it is. I'll lay to port of 'em, and let 'em pass me."

Samuel Prodder stepped aside under the shadow of the trees to the left of the grassy avenue through which the two figures were approaching, and waited patiently until they drew near enough for him to distinguish the woman's face. The woman was Mrs. Mellish, and she was walking on the left of the man, and was therefore nearest to the captain. Her head was turned away from her companion, as if in utter scorn and defiance of him, although she was talking to him at that moment. Her face, proud, pale and disdainful, was visible to the seaman in the chill, shadowy light of the newly-risen moon. A low line of crimson behind the black trunks of a distant group of trees marked where the sun had left its last track in a vivid streak that looked like blood.

Capt. Prodder gazed in loving wonder at the beautiful face turned towards him. He saw the dark eyes, with their sombre depth, dark in anger and scorn, and the luminous shimmer of the jewels that shone through the black veil upon her haughty head. He saw her, and his heart grew chill at the sight of the pale beauty in the mysterious moonlight.

"It might be my sister's ghost," he thought, "coming upon me in this quiet place; it's a most difficult to believe as it's flesh and blood."

He would have advanced, perhaps, and addressed his niece, had he not been held back by the words which she was speaking as she passed him, words that jarred painfully upon his heart, telling, as they did, of anger and bitterness, discord and misery.

"Yes, hate you," she said, in a clear voice, which seemed to vibrate sharply in the dusk, "hate you, hate you, hate you!" She repeated the hard phrase, as if there were some pleasure and delight in uttering it, which in her ungovernable anger she could not deny herself. "What other words do you expect from me?" she cried, with a low, mocking laugh, which had a tone of deeper misery and more utter hopelessness than any outbreak of womanly weeping. "Would you have me love you? or respect you? or tolerate you?" Her voice rose with each rapid question, merging into an hysterical sob, but never melting into tears. "Would you have me tell you anything else than what I tell you to-night? I hate and abhor you. I look upon you as the primary cause of every sorrow I have ever known, of every tear I have ever shed, of every humiliation I have endured; every sleepless night, every weary day, every despairing hour I have ever passed. More than this—yes, a thousand, thousand times more—I look upon you as the first cause of my father's wretchedness. Yes, even before my own mad folly in believing you and thinking you—what?—Claude Melnotte, perhaps!—a curse upon the man who wrote the play and the player who acted in it, if it helped to make me what I was when I met you! I say again I hate you; your presence poisons my home, your abhorred shadow haunts my sleep—no, not my sleep, for how should I ever sleep knowing that you are near?"

Mr. Conyers, being apparently weary of walking, leaned against the trunk of a tree to listen to the end of this outbreak, looking insolent defiance at the speaker. But Aurora's passion had reached that point in which all consciousness of external things passes away in the complete egoism of anger and hate. She did not see his superciliously indifferent look; her dilated eyes stared straight before her into the dark recess from which Capt. Prodder watched his sister's only child. Her restless hands rent the fragile border of her shawl in the strong agony of her passion. Have you ever seen this kind of woman in a passion? Impulsive, nervous, sensitive, sanguine; with such an one passion is madness—brief, thank Heaven! and expending itself in sharply cruel words and convulsive rendings of lace and ribbon, or coroner's juries might have to sit even oftener than they do. It is fortunate for mankind that speaking daggers is often quite as great a satisfaction to us as using them, and that we can threaten very cruel things without meaning to carry them out. Like the little children who say, "Won't I just tell your mother?" and the terrible editors who write, "Won't I give you a castigation in the Market-Deepling Spirit of the Times or the Walton-on-the-Nase Athenaeum?"

"If you are going to give us much more of this sort of thing," said Mr. Conyers, with aggravating stolidity, "perhaps you won't object to my lighting a cigar?"

Aurora took no notice of his quiet insolence; but Capt. Prodder, involuntarily clenching his fist, bounded a step forward in his retreat and shook the leaves of the underwood about his legs.

"What's that?" exclaimed the trainer.

"My dog, perhaps," answered Aurora; "he's about here with me."

"Curse the prubind cur," muttered Mr. Conyers, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. He struck a lucifer-match against the back of a tree, and the vivid sulphurous light shone full upon his handsome face.

"A rascal," thought Capt. Prodder; "a good-looking, heartless scoundrel. What's this between my niece and him? He isn't her husband surely, for he don't look like a gentleman. But if he ain't her husband, who is he?"

The sailor scratched his head in his bewilderment. His senses had been almost stupefied by Aurora's passionate talk, and he had only a confused feeling that there was trouble and wretchedness of some kind or other around and about his niece.

"If I thought he'd done anything to injure her," he muttered, "I'd pound him into such a jelly that his friends would never know his handsome face again as long as there was life in his carcass."

Mr. Conyers threw away the burning match, and puffed at his newly-lighted cigar. He did not trouble himself to take it from his lips as he addressed Aurora, but spoke between his teeth, and smoked in the pauses of his discourse.

"Perhaps, if you've calmed yourself down—a bit," he said, "you'll be as good as—to come to business. What do you want me to do?"

"You know as well as I do," answered Aurora.

"You want me to leave this place?"

"Yes; for ever."

"And to take what you give me—and be satisfied?"

"Yes."

"What if I refuse?"

She turned sharply upon him as he asked this question, and looked at him for a few moments in silence.

"What if I refuse?" he repeated, still smoking.

"Look to yourself!" she cried, between her set teeth; that's all. Look to yourself!"

"What! you'd kill me, I suppose?"

"No," answered Aurora; "but I'd tell all; and get the release which I ought to have sought for two years ago."

"Oh, ah, to be sure," said Mr. Conyers; "a pleasant thing for Mr. Mellish, and our poor papa, and a nice bit of gossip for the newspapers. I've a good mind to put you to the test, and see if you've pluck enough to do it, my lady."

She stamped her foot upon the turf, and tore the lace in her hands, throwing the fragments away from her; but she did not answer him.

"You'd like to stab me, or shoot me, or strangle me, as I stand here, wouldn't you, now?" asked the trainer mockingly.

"Yes," cried Aurora, "I would!" She flung her head back with a gesture of disdain as she spoke.

"Why do I waste my time in talking to you?" she said. "My worst words can inflict no wound upon such a nature as yours. My scorn is no more painful to you than it would be to any of the loathsome creatures that creep upon the margin of yonder pool."

The trainer took his cigar from his mouth, and struck the ashes away with his little finger.

"No," he said, with a contemptuous laugh; "I'm not very thin-skinned; and I'm pretty well used to this sort of thing, into the bargain. But suppose, as I remarked just now, we drop this style of conversation and come to business. We don't seem to be getting on very fast this way."

At this juncture Captain Prodder, who, in his extreme desire to strangle his niece's companion, had advanced very close upon the two speakers, knocked off his hat against the lower branches of the tree which sheltered him.

There was no mistake this time about the rustling of the leaves. The trainer started, and limped toward Captain Prodder's hiding-place.

"There's some one listening to us," he said. "I'm sure of it this time—that fellow Hargraves, perhaps. I fancy he's a sneak."

Mr. Conyers supported himself against the very tree behind which the sailor stood, and beat amongst the under-growth with his stick, but did not succeed in encountering the legs of the listener.

"If that soft-headed fool is playing the spy upon me," cried the trainer savagely, "he'd better not let me catch him, for I'll make him remember it, if I do."

"Don't I tell you that my dog followed me here?" exclaimed Aurora contemptuously.

A low rustling of the grass on the other side of the avenue, and at some distance from the seaman's place of concealment, was heard as Mrs. Mellish spoke.

"That's your dog, if you like," said the trainer; "the other was a man. Come on a little way further, and let's make a finish of this business; it's past ten o'clock."

Mr. Conyers was right. The church clock had struck ten five minutes before, but the solemn chimes had fallen unheeded upon Aurora's ear, lost amid the angry voices raging in her breast. She started as she looked around her at the summer darkness in the woods, and the flaming yellow moon, which brooded low upon the earth, and shed no light upon the mysterious pathways and the water-pools in the wood.

The trainer limped away, Aurora walking by his side, yet holding herself as far aloof from him as the grassy pathway would allow. They were out of hearing, and almost out of sight, before the sea-captain could emerge from a state of utter stupefaction so far as to be able to look at the business in its right bearings.

"I ought to ha' knocked him down," he muttered at last, "whether he's her husband or whether he isn't. I ought to have knocked him down, and I would have done it, too," added the captain resolutely. "If it hadn't been that my niece seemed to have a good fiery spirit of her own, and to be able to fire a jolly good broadside in the way of hard words. I'll find my skull-thatcher if I can," said Captain Prodder, groping for his hat amongst the brambles and the long grass, "and then I'll just run up to the turnstile and tell my mate to lay at anchor a bit longer with the horse and shay. He'll be wonderin' what I'm up to; but I won't go back just yet, I'll keep in the way of my niece and that swab with the game leg."

The captain found his hat, and walked down to the turnstile, where he found the young man from the Reindeer fast asleep, with the reins loose in his hands, and his head upon his knees. The horse, with his head in an empty nosebag, seemed as fast asleep as the driver.

The young man woke at the sound of the turnstile creaking upon its axis, and the step of the sailor in the road.

"I ain't goin' to get aboard just yet," said Captain Prodder; "I'll take another turn in the wood as the evenin's so pleasant. I come to tell you I wouldn't keep you much longer, for I thought you'd think I was dead."

"I did a'most," answered the charioteer candidly. "My word, ain't you been a time!"

"I met Mr. and Mrs. Mellish in the wood," said the captain, "and I stopped to have a look at 'em. She's a bit of a spitfire, ain't she?" asked Samuel, with affected carelessness.

The young man from the Reindeer shook his head dubiously.

"I doant know about that," he said; "she's a rare favorite hereabouts with poor folks and gentry too. They do say as she horse-whipped a poor fond chap as they'd got in the stables, for ill-usin' her dog; and sarve him right too; added the young man decisively. "Them softies is allus vicious."

Captain Prodder pondered rather doubtfully upon this piece of information. He was not particularly elated by the image of his sister's child laying a horse-whip upon the shoulders of her half-witted servant. This trifling incident didn't exactly harmonize with his idea of the beautiful young heiress, playing upon all manner of instruments, and speaking half-a-dozen languages.

"Yes," repeated the driver, "they do say as she gave t' fondy a good whoppin, and damme if I don't admire her for it."

"Ay, ay," answered Captain Prodder thoughtfully. "Mr. Mellish walks lame, don't he?" he asked, after a pause.

"Lame!" cried the driver; "Lord bless your heart, not a bit of it. John Mellish is as fine a young man as you'll meet in this Riding. Ay, and finer too. I ought to know. I've seen him walk into our house often enough in the race week."

The captain's heart sank strangely at this information. The man with whom he had heard his niece quarrelling was not her husband, then. The squabble had seemed natural enough to the uninitiated sailor while he looked at it in a matrimonial light; but seen from another aspect it struck sudden terror to his sturdy heart, and blanched the ruddy hues in his brown face. "Who was he, then?" he thought, "who was it as my niece was talkin' to—after dark—alone—a mile off her own home, eh?"

Before he could seek for a solution to the unuttered question which agitated and alarmed him, the report of a pistol rang sharply through the wood, and found an echo under a distant hill.

The horse pricked up his ears and jibbed a few paces; the driver gave a low whistle.

"I thought so," he said. "Poachers! This side of the wood's chock full of game; and though Squire Mellish is allus threatenin' to prosecute 'em, folks know pretty well as he'll never do it."

The broad-shouldered, strong-limbed sailor leaned against the turnstile, trembling in every limb.

What was that which his niece had said a quarter of an hour before, when the man had asked her whether she would like to shoot him?

"Leave your horse," he said in a gasping voice; "tie him to the stile, and come with me. If—if it's poachers, we'll catch 'em."

The young man looped the reins across the turnstile. He had no very great terror of any inclination for flight latent in the gray horse from the Reindeer. The two men ran into the wood; the captain running in the direction in which his sharp ears had told him the shot had been fired.

The moon was slowly rising in the tranquil heavens, but there was very little light yet in the wood.

The captain stopped near a rustic summer-house falling into decay, and half buried amidst the tangled foliage that clustered about the mouldering thatch and the dilapidated woodwork.

"It was hereabout the shot was fired," muttered the captain; "about a hundred yards due north of the stile. I could take my oath as it weren't far from this spot I'm standin' on."

He looked about him in the dim light. He could see no one; but an army might have hidden amongst the trees that encircled the open patch of turf on which the summer-house had been built. He listened, with his hat off, and his big hand pressed tightly on his heart, as if to still its tumultuous beating. He listened as eagerly as he had often listened far out on a glassy sea, for the first faint breath of a rising wind; but he could hear nothing except the occasional croaking of the frogs in the pond near the summer-house.

"I could have sworn it was about here the shot was fired," he repeated. "God grant as it was poachers, after all; but it's given me a turn that's made me feel like some cockney lubber aboard a steamer betwixt Bristol and Cork. Lord, what a blessed old fool I am!" muttered the captain, after walking slowly round the summer-house to convince himself that there was no one hidden in it. "One 'ud think I'd never heard the sound of a ha'p'orth of powder before to-night."

He put on his hat and walked a few paces forward, still looking about cautiously, and still listening, but much easier in his mind than when first he had re-entered the wood.

He stopped suddenly, arrested by a sound which has of itself, without any reference to its power of association, a mysterious and chilling influence upon the human heart. This sound was the howling of a dog—the prolonged, monotonous howling of a dog. A cold sweat broke out upon the sailor's forehead. That sound, always one of terror to his superstitious nature, was doubly terrible to-night.

"It means death," he muttered, with a groan. "No dog ever howled like that except for death."

He turned back and looked about him. The moonlight glimmered faintly upon the broad patch of stagnant water near the summer-house, and upon its brink the captain saw two figures, black against the summer atmosphere; a prostrate figure, lying close to the edge of the water, and a large dog, with his head uplifted to the sky, howling piteously.

It was the bounden duty of poor John Mellish, in his capacity of host, to sit at the head of his table, pass the claret-jug and listen to Col. Maddison's stories of the pig-sticking and tiger-hunting as long as the Indian officer chose to talk for the amusement of his friend and his son-in-law. It was perhaps lucky that patient Mr. Lofthouse was well up in all the stories, and knew exactly which departments of each narrative were to be laughed at, and which were to be listened to with silent and awe-stricken attention, for John Mellish made a very bad audience upon this occasion. He pushed the filberts towards the colonel at the very moment when "the tigress was crouching for a spring, upon the rising ground exactly above us, sir, and when, by Jove! Charley Maddison felt himself at pretty close quarters with the enemy, sir, and never thought to stretch his legs under this mahogany, or any other man's, sir," and he spoiled the officer's best joke by asking him for the claret in the middle of it.

The tigers and the pigs were confusion and weariness of spirit to Mr. Mellish. He was yearning for the moment when, with any show of decency, he might make for the drawing-room, and find out what Aurora was doing in the still summer twilight. When the door was opened and fresh wine brought in, he heard the rattling of the keys under Mrs. Lofthouse's manipulation, and rejoiced to think that his wife was seated quietly, perhaps, listening to those sonatas in C flat, which the rector's wife delighted to interpret.

The lamps were brought in before Col. Maddison's stories were finished; and when John's butler came to ask if the gentlemen would like coffee, the worthy Indian officer said,

"Yes, by all means, and a cheeroot with it. No smoking in the drawing-room, eh, Mellish? Petticoat government and window-curtains, I dare say. Claret doesn't like my smoke at the rectory, and poor Lofthouse writes his sermons in the summer-house, for he can't write without a weed, you know, and a volume of Tiltonson, or some of those fellows to prig from, eh, George?" said the facetious gentleman, digging his son-in-law in the ribs with his fat old fingers, and knocking over two or three wine-glasses in his ponderous jocosity.

How dreary it all seemed to John Mellish to-night. He wondered how people felt who had no social mystery brooding upon their hearts, no domestic skeleton cowering in their homely cupboard. He looked at the rector's placid face with a pang of envy. There was no secret kept from him. There was no perpetual struggle rending his heart; no dreadful doubts and fears that would not be quite lulled to rest; no vague terror incessant and unreasoning; no mute argument for ever going forward, with plaintiff's counsel and defendant's counsel continually pleading the same cause and arriving at the same result. Heaven take pity upon those who have to suffer such silent misery, such secret despair! We look at our neighbors' smiling faces, and say, in bitterness of spirit, that A is a lucky fellow, and that B can't be as much in debt as his friends say he is; that C and his pretty wife are the happiest couple we know; and to-morrow B is in the Gazette, and C is weeping over a dishonored home and a group of motherless children, who wonder what mamma has done that papa should be so sorry. The battles are very quiet, but they are for ever being fought. We keep the fox hidden under our cloak, but the teeth of the animal are none the less sharp, nor the pain less terrible to bear, a little more terrible, perhaps, for being endured silently. John Mellish gave a long sigh of relief when the Indian officer finished his third cheroot and pronounced himself ready to join the ladies. The lamps in the drawing-room were lighted and the curtains drawn before the open windows when the three gentlemen entered. Mrs. Lofthouse was asleep upon one of the sofas, with a Book of Beauty lying open at her feet, and Mrs. Powell, pale and sleepless—sleepless as trouble and sorrow, as jealousy and hate, as anything that is ravenous and unappeasable—sat at her embroidery, working laborious monstrosities upon delicate cambric muslin.

The colonel dropped heavily into a luxurious easy chair and quietly abandoned himself to repose. Mr. Lofthouse awoke his wife and consulted her about the propriety of ordering the carriage. John Mellish looked eagerly round the room. To him it was empty. The rector and his wife, the Indian officer and the ensign's widow were only so many "phosphorescent spectralities," "phantasm captains," in short, they were not Aurora.

"Where's Lolly?" he asked, looking from Mrs. Lofthouse to Mrs. Powell; "where's my wife?"

"I really do not know," answered Mrs. Powell, with icy deliberation. "I have not been watching Mrs. Mellish."

The poisoned darts glanced away from John's preoccupied breast. There was no room in his wounded heart for such a petty sting as this.

"Where's my wife?" he cried passionately; "you must know where she is. She's not here. Is she up-stairs? Is she out of doors?"

"To the best of my belief," replied the ensign's widow, with more than usual precision, "Mrs. Mellish is in some part of the grounds; she has been out of doors ever since we left the dining-room."

The French clock upon the mantelpiece chimed the three-quarters after ten as she finished speaking, as if to give emphasis to her words, and to remind Mr. Mellish how long his wife had been absent. He bit his lip fiercely and strode towards one of the windows. He was going to look for his wife; but he stopped as he flung aside the window-curtain, arrested by Mrs. Powell's uplifted hand.

"Hark!" she said, "there is something the matter, I fear. Did you hear that violent ringing at the hall door?"

Mr. Mellish let fall the curtain and re-entered the room.

"It's Aurora, no doubt," he said; "they've shut her out again, I suppose. I beg, Mrs. Powell, that you will prevent this in future. Really, ma'am, it is hard that my wife should be shut out of her own house."

He might have said much more, but he stopped, pale and breathless, at the sound of a hubbub in the hall, and rushed to the room door. He opened it and looked out, with Mrs. Powell and Mr. and Mrs. Lofthouse crowding behind him and looking over his shoulder.

Half-a-dozen servants were clustered round a roughly-dressed, seafaring-looking man, who, with his hat off and his disordered hair falling about his white face, was telling in broken sentences, scarcely intelligible for the speaker's agitation, that a murder had been done in the wood.

(To be continued.)

Wickliffe and Carlisle.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that Moore must have had Wickliffe, of Kentucky, and Carlisle, of Virginia, in his "prophetic eye" when he wrote:

Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason like a deadly blight
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life's unblest cup for him
Be drugged with treacheries to the brim—
With hopes that but allude to fly,
With joys that vanish as he sips,
Like Dead Sea fruits that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame,
On the parch'd desert thirsting die,
While lakes that show in mockery nigh
Are fading off, untouched, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
And when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damn'd one dwell,
Fall in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding Heaven and feeling Hell!

PERSONAL.

CAPT. HARTSTEIN, commandant of the Grinnell Sir John Franklin Expedition, and who joined the Rebellion at its opening, has become insane, and is now in an insane hospital in Georgia. The cause is said to be the complete destruction of his plantation in South Carolina, by the hands of his own partisans.

COL. KANE, of the Bucktail (Pennsylvania) Rifles, has been appointed a Brigadier-General for gallant and meritorious conduct in the field.

OBITUARY.

HON. JOHN R. THOMPSON, United States Senator from New Jersey, died at his residence, in Princeton, early Saturday morning, the 13th. His official term would have expired on the 4th of March next.

COL. GEO. W. PRATT, of the Ulster regiment, who was paralyzed by the concussion of a cannon ball, in leading his regiment at the battle of Manassas Plains, died Sept. 11th, in Albany. He was a young man of great promise, and had served as State Senator with ability and integrity.

NEW MUSIC.

MESSRS. FIRTH, POND & CO., 547 Broadway, have issued the following pieces of new and popular music:

- 1.—The Beating of my own Heart; Poetry by R. Monckton Milnes; Music by G. A. MacFarren.
- 2.—The Soldier's Return, a Ballad. Words by W. H. Morris; Music by J. R. Thomas.
- 3.—I'll be Home To-morrow, by Stephen C. Foster.
- 4.—The Last Broadside of the Cumberland. Words by Elizabeth T. P. Beach; Music by Frederick Buckley.

"Shall we give them a broadside my boys as she goes?" Shall we send yet another to tell in iron-tongued words to Columbia's foes

How bravely her sons say 'Farewell?'
Ay! what tho' we sink 'neath the turbulent wave,
'Tis with Duty and Right at the helm!"

5.—Beatrice di Tenda (Aria and Cavatina), Bellini, arranged by Albert W. Berg.

6.—March from Rossini's Guillaume Tell, arranged by Berg.

7.—Duetto et Brindisi from Verdi's Macbeth, arranged by Berg.

AMUSEMENTS.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—The twin giants of dwarfdom having departed to divide the prize which Mr. Barnum bestowed upon them, the Museum resumes its reign of the drama, and fable. The dramatic circle of the N. Y. Daily Times says truly, the "brilliantly-colored fish which, as Barnum announces, outvie the hues of the rainbow, are yet to be seen at the Museum. The Peacock, the Four-eyed Cherub, Doctor Fish and the Spanish Lady with the yellow tail, are all on daily exhibition; and with the matchless Aquaria comes a show unequalled above the waters of the earth, whatever may be the case in the briny depths of Old Neptune's kingdom." In addition to these attractions, the dramatic company performs, twice a day, the new romance of "Claude Marcel."

CREMORNE GARDENS.—When Bryant, the poet, sang "the melancholy days are here, the very saddest of the year," he meant that with autumn's advent the brightest days of Nixon's Summer Garden had departed: still it has attractions not found in any other public resort, and while the evenings are still salubrious we would advise our friends to pay this New York Arcadia a visit.

WINTER GARDEN.—Mrs. Bateman's very clever play of "Geraldine" has been the attraction of the last week. It was most interesting to see the daughter carry out the mother's conception, and admirably she performed her filial task. To them the line of Horace might apply—

"Mater pulchra, filia pulchrior!"

for seldom has a gifted daughter had so gifted a mother. Having so elaborately reviewed Miss Bateman's performance of "Geraldine" last season, we have only to repeat our perfect satisfaction with it, and to record that the audience was as much charmed with it as ever.

The scene with the priest, where he informs her of his religious trick, was most forcible, but in so artistic a performance it is useless to select any particular scene. Wallace's priest was worthy of his old reputation; he is really a capital actor, sterling and complete. In Gambo, Mr. Davidge had a part which was ably seconded by his personal beauty, so ably set forth in a serious publication of last week. Truly may Mr. Davidge sing with the milkmaid:

"My face is my fortune, sir, she said."

When Burton died, Davidge ascended the comic throne, and long may he reign, despite the jokes of Boston scurrilities. We should like to see Mr. Davidge in some of those old farces, which formerly at the Broadway made him and Joey Goughenheimer the very twins of fun, but in these days of bloated and blustering stars, real merit is pushed aside to make room for those pompous Bumblebees of the stage. We do not see why Mr. Edwin Adams should have his name in so much larger-sized letters than Mr. Davidge has, but it is doubtless the stupidity of the compositor and not of the manager. There has been nothing worthy of note doing at the other theatres. Forrest and Hackett have appeared at Niblo's, and Edwin Booth succeeds Miss Bateman at the Winter Garden. Carl Anschutz tries German opera at Wallace's old theatre.

ART, LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

A PAINTER without arms, a Mr. Fela, in Belgium, is exhibiting general admiration for the excellence of his work now at the exhibition of the Brussels Academy. He was born without arms and paints with his feet.

NEGOTIATIONS are in progress at Berlin for the purchase of the Beethoven papers which were withheld from the Royal Library when the collection was first made. The heirs require that the private letters of Beethoven shall be locked up for 10 years, in order to prevent the indiscretions of which we have seen so much of late. This condition is said to have been agreed to.

The number of sewing machines annually manufactured in the United States is 70,000. Twelve or 14 establishments are engaged in the business. The number of machines made in 1863 was only 2,500. Up to the present time (from 1852 to 1862), the aggregate is 200,000; and 368 American patents for improvements upon the original design have been taken out within 13 years.

The decay of wood, when in contact with iron, is so rapid that the Warrior, England's great iron-plated ship, will have to be taken to pieces and rebuilt every seven years. So say English engineers. She may fall to pieces in that time, but will hardly be rebuilt for immense improvements upon the Warrior will unquestionably be made in less than seven years.

The Cedars of Lebanon have lately been visited and reported upon by Dr. J. D. Hooker, F. R. S. He reports the number of trees to be about 400, disposed in nine groups corresponding with as many glacial hummocks or moraines. They vary in size from 18 inches to upwards of 40 feet in girth, but the most remarkable and significant fact connected with their size is, that there are no trees of less girth than 18 inches—no young trees or saplings—the youngest trees are, in all probability, upwards of 50 years old.

On Tuesday, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, the second 15-inch gun finished at the Fort Pitt Works was taken from the shop to the metal yard of the Pennsylvania Railroad, at the corner of Grant and Liberty streets, where it will be shipped to the East on a car prepared for the purpose. Two of these large guns have already been taken over the same road, but the mode of transportation from the shops to the railroad was different from that now adopted. Both the "Lincoln" and "Union" were drawn along the streets on wheels fitted on the guns themselves, by windlass and pulleys. Since the transportation of heavy ordnance has become an every day business, the firm has provided a large wagon for the purpose, and this was used for the first time on Tuesday. Twelve horses and two side ropes, manned by workmen and spectators, moved the gun along the level with ease, but the enormous weight, over 40,000 pounds, told rather severely on the "motive power" on an up grade.

The wagon on which the gun was hauled is built in the ordinary form of wagon running gears, the wheels and axles being of the most massive character. Instead of the customary "coupling tongue," two immense timbers are stretched from the front to the hind axles, and securely fastened. Beneath these timbers the gun is slung by the common timber wheel tackle. Notwithstanding the breadth of the tires on the wheels, their progress along the pavement crashed and sank the boulders almost as readily as ordinary wheel prints on a dusty road.

MR. R. M. BACHE, in a paper read before the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, has announced a new theory of the cause of sea-sickness. He attributes this annoying malady not to motion, or the appearance of motion especially, but to unaccustomed and irregular motion, the extent and direction of which the mind is unable to calculate and anticipate. As soon as this power is attained by experience, and we become so habituated to the motions of the ship upon the waves as to be able to anticipate instantly, and as it were instinctively, their direction and extent, the nausea ceases. He advises sea-sick persons therefore to remain on deck as much as possible, in order to educate the sight and other senses to the motion. The "rests and troughs" of the seas can be observed, and thus it can be seen just how far one has to rise—just how far to fall. The view of the horizon also has a most beneficial effect, for it is the only object which has the appearance of remaining stationary, and the motions of a ship are readily graduated by keeping the gaze directed to it. As to eating and drinking, Mr. Bache recommends the traveler, as far as possible, to maintain his accustomed habits. There is no specific for sea-sickness, except to become, as quickly as possible, habituated to the motions of the ship, and any tampering with the stomach in the way of unaccustomed articles of food or drink is only likely to aggravate the nausea. It, in addition to what has been recommended above, says Mr. Bache, the passenger will spread a mattress and put himself in a recumbent posture, all will then have been done that can be done to prevent, to cure, or to alleviate sea-sickness, until the education of the senses is completed.

The antiquity of bones it has been attempted to solve by the aid of chemical analysis. The animal matter which in fresh bones is united with the earthy portions gradually disappears when they are buried, and it is believed that the rate of this disappearance is sufficiently regular to furnish a means for ascertaining the antiquity of bones exhumed from old tombs, etc. The conclusion arrived at from experiments is, that these elements disappear at the rate of 3 per cent. every century. This mode is ingenious, but as the change in all probability goes on with varying rapidity in different soils, it must involve considerable uncertainty in its results. According to this view, as fresh bones contain 33 per cent. of organic matter, bones found to have lost all of this must be at least 1,100 years old.

KILIMANJARO is a snow-covered mountain near the equator, on the eastern coast of Africa, which has been recently visited by Mr. R. Thornton and the Baron Carl von der Decken. The existence of such a mountain was reported several years ago by the missionaries at Rabat Mita. One of them, Mr. Reimann, saw the snowy peak for the first time in May, 1848, and subsequently saw it again. The next year, in November, his colleague, Dr. Krapf, saw the same white-topped summit. Neither of them ascended the mountain, but the natives gave an account of their experience in going up it. They said that "the silver-like stuff when brought down proved to be nothing but water," and that many who climbed the mountain had their extremities bitten by evil spirits. The existence of a snow-covered mountain in this locality was disbelieved in England, but it is now substantiated by actual exploration. This mountain lies almost exactly on the equator, and is about 20,000 feet high. The explorers did not succeed in actually reaching the snow, but it was clearly seen, and the fall of several avalanches or snowslides witnessed.

COMMITTED SUICIDE BECAUSE HE COULD NOT ENLIST.—The Elyria (Ohio) Democrat gives the particulars of a suicide that will become memorable in the future. Two sons of Leonard Johnson, not far from Elyria, had enlisted, and still another, John, 17 years of age, desired to do so. He was told that it was his duty to stay with his father. He still desired to go, saying he would be lonesome with his brother all away. On Saturday last his father and his elder brother attended a war meeting at Amherst. On their return, John was found in the barn hanging by the neck—dead.

"THE LOST FOUND."—One of the colored deacons in the church at Hilton Head has lately found his wife, who was sold from him 14 years ago. He heard that she had lately come to Beaufort, whither he went in search of her. He found her in the street, with a basket of watermelons on her head. He called, "Say, you nigger, what for you got that basket of watermelons on your head?" She did not recognize him. He repeated the call as he approached. She knew him. The lost were found. The dead were come to life again. A father has lately found his son, a young man of 20 years or more, who was sold away when only six years old. Surely war has its sweet as well as its bitter fruits!

GEN. PHELPS AND THE CONTRABAND.—A gentleman up-town, who the other day missed his "boy," learned that the lad was at Carrollton. He at once repaired to the headquarters of Gen. Phelps, and stated his case—that he was in search of a runaway negro.

"You have lost a man, have you?" observed the General, inquiringly and drily.

"Yes, sir," responded the other.

"Very well," said the General, "the negroes are over yonder; if your boy is there, he can go with you if he wishes."

The gentleman asked further that a guide might be sent with him, as he did not know the roads and paths.

"Certainly," said the General. "Orderly, call Major Scott."

Presently the Major presented himself, and the General instructed him to conduct the gentleman to the negro camp, and assist him in finding his "boy," and to say to the "boy" that he had his (the General's) permission to return with his master.

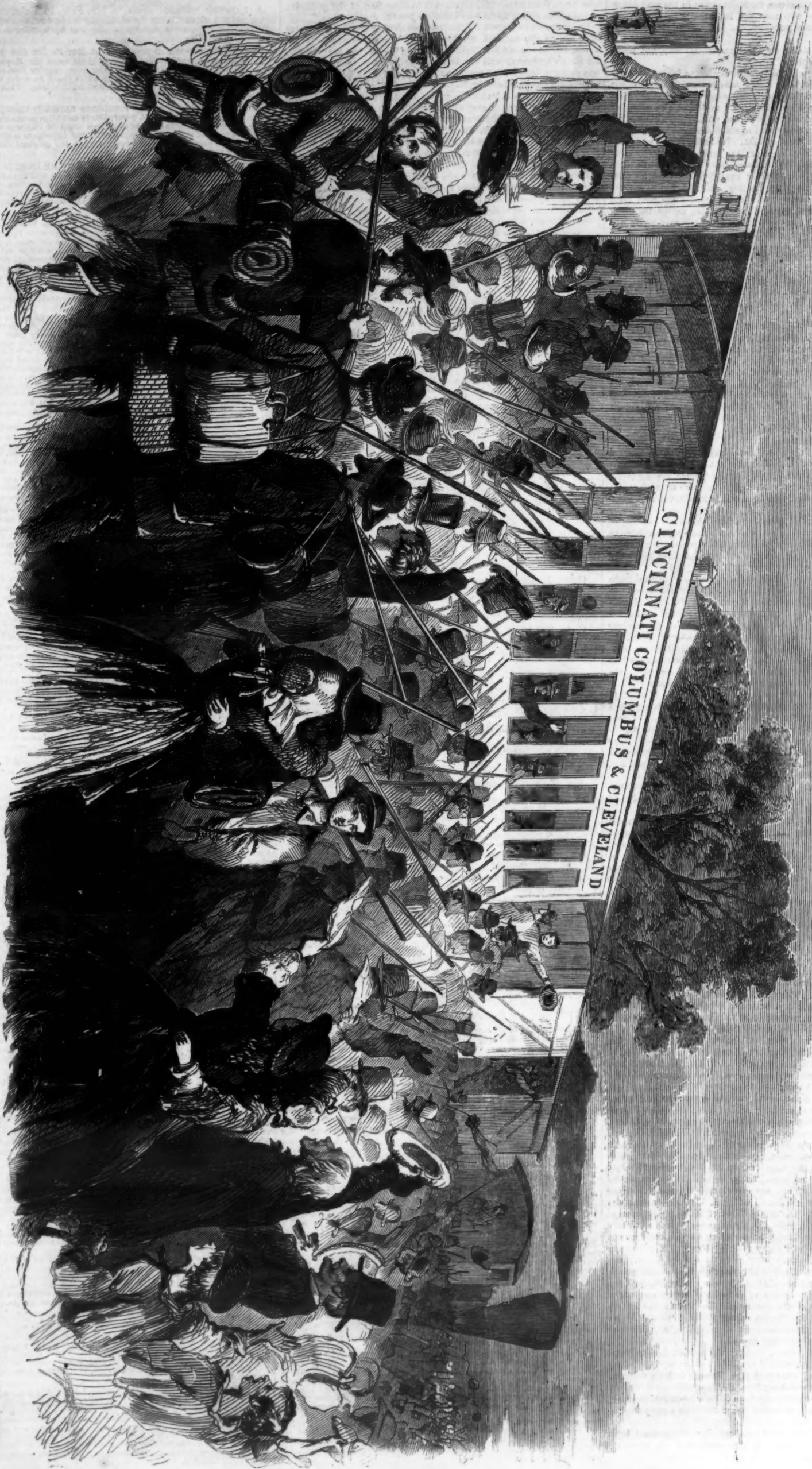
Thereupon the Major spoke: "General, I am the 'boy' the General is in search of. I do not want to return."

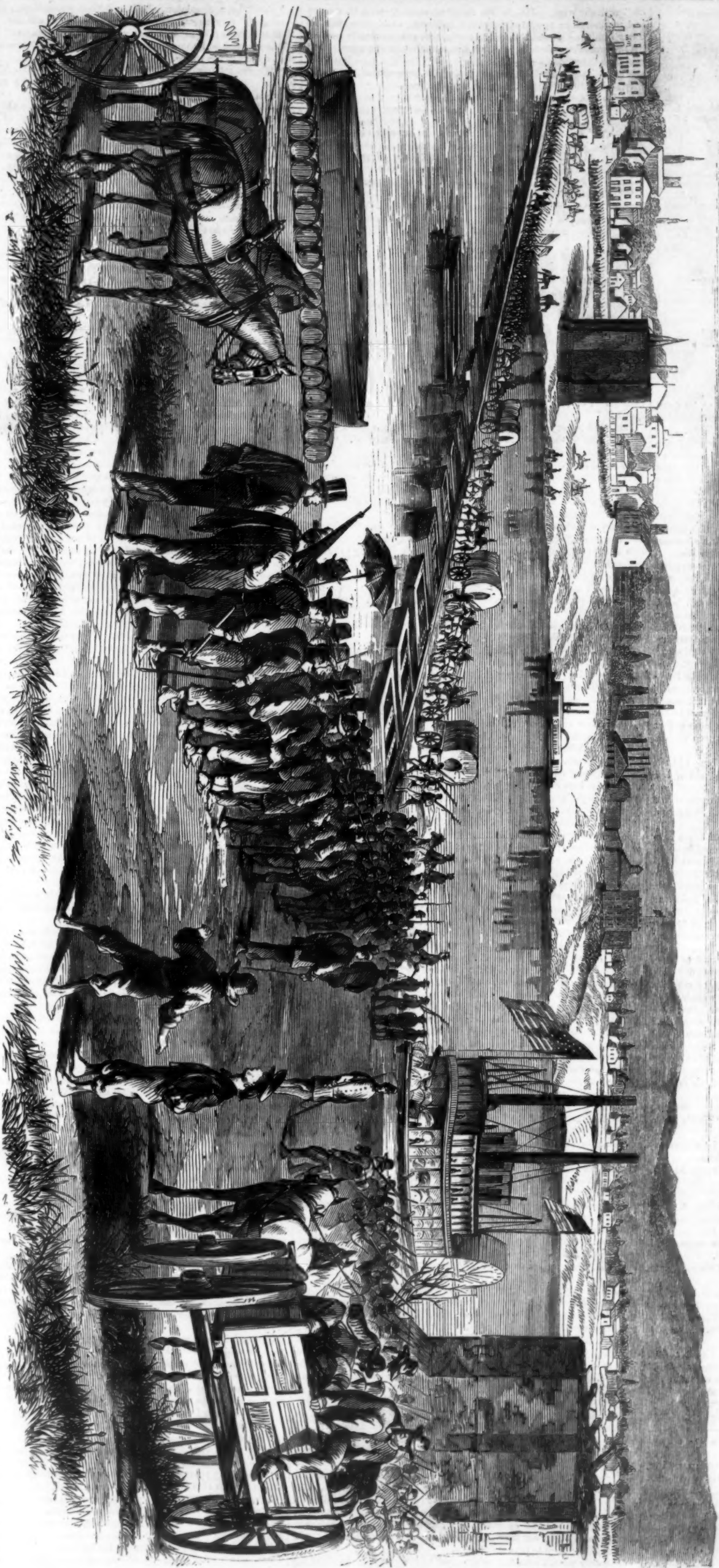
"This is all I can do," observed the General.

The droll part of this incident is that the General was ignorant of the fact that the gentleman was Scott's master. The "Major" has hitherto been known in darkey circles as a great orator; he is now known as "Major Scott of the Black Guards." Queer things have come out of secession.

THIRTEEN O'CLOCK.—The Duke of Bridgewater observed that, though the man dropped work very promptly as the bell rang when he was not by, they were not nearly so punctual in resuming work, some straggling in many minutes after time. He asked to know the reason, and the men's excuse was that, though they could always hear the clock when it struck 12, they could not so readily hear when it only struck one. On hearing this, the Duke had the mechanism of the clock altered so as to make it strike 13 at one o'clock, which it continues to do until this day.

GREENE COUNTY TO THE RESCUE! THE SQUIRREL RIFLES, OF GREENE COUNTY, OHIO, AT THE XENIA RAILROAD DEPOT, ON THEIR WAY TO CINCINNATI, TO REINFORCE THE NATIONAL ARMY—MOTHERS WIVES AND SISTERS WISHING THE LOYAL SOLDIERS "GOD SPEED," SEPT. 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. HENRI LOTT.





UNION VOLUNTEERS CROSSING FROM CINCINNATI TO COVINGTON, ON A BRIDGE OF COAL BOATS, CONSTRUCTED FOR THE OCCASION, ON THEIR WAY TO DEFEND KENTUCKY FROM THE REBELS UNDER GEN. KIRBY SMITH,]
SEPT. 6. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. HENRI LOVIE.

HARP OF THE EAST.

Harp of the East! that long by Babel's spring
Mid drooping willows had neglected hung,
And sigh'd through winds that wak'd each sleeping string—
Still let thy numbers tune my trembling tongue:
Oh! sacred Harp, though midnight dews have chill'd
Each tresser'd effort of thy earlier lay,
Yet once again thy measure shall be fill'd,
And thou shalt cheer me through life's darkest day!

Not thus, in patriarchal days of yore,
Slept thy tun'd strings beneath a monarch's hand,
While hymn of penitence and song of power
Quench'd fires of guilt or marshall'd all the laud:
No longer then thy flowing numbers slept,
While kings in discord fed their troubled thrones,
O'er midnight misère David wept,
And Saul hath felt and fir'd thy loftier tones!

Harp of the East! I love thy soothing strain,
For thou wert wont my loneliest hours to cheer,
And when all worldly sounds of mirth were vain,
Thy song of hope hath dried the mourner's tear:
Oh, then, forgive the hand that thus among
Thy hush'd and mould'ring chords would feebly stray—
The world may frown, and I but vainly sung,
Yet Heaven may own, accept and bless the lay!

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER IX.—DR. WEST'S HOME.

THE house of Dr. West was already lighted up. Gas at its front door, gas at its surgery door, gas inside its windows; no habitation in the place was ever so extensively lighted as Dr. West's. The house was enclosed with iron-railings, and on its side—detached—was the surgery. A very low place, this surgery; you had to go down a step or two, and then plunge into a low door. In the time of the last tenant it had been used as a garden-tool house. It was a tolerably large room and had a tolerably small window, which was in front, next the door. A counter ran along the room at the back, and a table, covered with miscellaneous articles, stood on the right. Shelves were ranged completely round the room aloft, and a pair of steps, used for getting down the jars and bottles, rested in a corner. There was another room behind it, used exclusively by Dr. West.

Seated on the counter, pounding desperately away at something in a mortar, as if his life depended on it, was a peculiar-looking gentleman in shirt-sleeves. Very tall, very thin, with legs and arms that bore the appearance of being too long even for his tall body, great hands and feet, a thin face, dark and red, a thin aquiline nose, black hair and black prominent eyes that seemed to be always on the stare—there sat he, his legs dangling and his fingers working. A straightforward, honest, simple fellow looked he, all utility and practicalness—if there is such a word. One, plain in all ways.

It was Janus Verner; never, in the memory of anybody, called anything but "Jan;" second and youngest son of Lady Verner, brother to Lionel. He brother to courtly Lionel, to stately Decima, son to refined Lady Verner! He certainly was; though Lady Verner in her cross moods would declare that Jan must have been changed at nurse—an assertion without foundation, since he had been nursed at home under her own eye.

Never in his life had he been called anything but Jan; address him as Janus, or as Mr. Verner, and it may be questioned if Jan would have answered to it.

People called him "droll;" and, if to be of plain, unvarnished manners, and speech was droll, Jan decidedly was so. Some said Jan was a fool, some said he was a bear.

Lady Verner did not accord him any great amount of favor herself. She had tried to make Jan what she called a gentleman, to beat into him suavity, gracefulness, tact, gloss of speech and bearing; something between a Lord Chesterfield and a Sir Roger de Coverley, and she had been obliged to give it up as a hopeless job. Jan was utterly irreclaimable; Nature had made him plain and straightforward, and so he remained.

But there was many a one that the world would bow down to as a model, whose intrinsic worth was poor, compared to unoffending Jan's.

Lady Verner would tell Jan he was undutiful. Jan tried to be as dutiful to her as ever he could; but he could not change his ungainly person, his awkward manner. As well try to wash a negro white.

Lady Verner had proposed that Jan should go into the army. Jan (plain spoken as a boy, like he was now) had responded that he'd rather not go out to be shot at. What was she to do with him? Lady Verner peevishly asked; she had no money, and she would take care Jan was not helped from Mr. Verner. To make him a barrister, or a clergyman, or a member of parliament (it was what Lady Verner said) would cost vast sums of money; a commission could be obtained for him gratis, in consideration of his father's services.

"Make me an apothecary," said Jan.

"An apothecary!" echoed Lady Verner, aghast. "That's not a gentleman's calling."

Jan opened his great eyes. Had he taken a liking for carpentering, he would have deemed it gentlemanly enough for him.

"What on earth has put an apothecary's business into your head?" cried Lady Verner.

"I should like the pounding," replied Jan.

"The pounding!" reiterated Lady Verner, in astonishment.

"I should like it altogether," concluded Jan. "I wish you'd let me go apprentice to Dr. West."

Jan held to his liking. In due course of time he was apprenticed to Dr. West, and pounded away to his heart's content. Thence he went to London, to walk the hospitals, and completed his studies in Paris.

It was at the latter period that the accident happened to Jan which called Lionel to Paris. Jan was knocked down by a carriage in the street, his leg broken, and he was otherwise injured. Time and skill cured him. Time and perseverance completed his studies, and Jan became a licensed surgeon of no mean skill.

He returned to Deerham, and was engaged as assistant to Dr. West. No very ambitious position, but "it's good enough for Jan," slightly said Lady Verner. Jan probably thought the same, or he would have sought a better. He was four-and-twenty now. Dr. West was a general practitioner, holding an Edinburgh degree only. There was plenty to do in Deerham and its neighborhood, what with the rich and what with the poor. Dr. West chiefly attended to the rich himself, and left Jan to take care of the poor. It was all one to Jan.

Jan sat on the counter in the surgery, pounding and pounding. He had just come in from his visit to Deerham Court, summoned thither by the slight accident to his sister Decima. Leaning his two elbows on the counter, and his pale puffy cheeks on his hands, intently watching Jan with his light eyes, was a young gentleman of 16, with an apron tied round his waist. This was Master Cheese, an apprentice, as Jan once had been. In point of fact, the pounding now was Master Cheese's proper work, but he was fat and lazy, and so sure as Jan came into the surgery, so sure would young Cheese begin to grunt and groan, and vow that his arms were "knocked

off" with the work. Jan, in his indolent manner—and in motion and manner Jan appeared intensely indolent, as if there was no hurry in him; he would bring his words, too, out indolently—would lift the pounding machine aloft, sit himself down on the counter and complete the work.

"I say," said young Cheese, watching the progress of the pestle with satisfaction, "Dame Dawson has been here."

"What did she want?" asked Jan.

"Bad in her inside, she says. I gave her three good doses of jalap."

"Jalap!" echoed Jan. "Well, it won't do her much harm. She won't take 'em; she'll throw 'em away."

"Law, Jan!" For, in the private familiarity of the surgery, young Cheese was thus accustomed unceremoniously to address his master—as Jan was. And Jan allowed it with composure.

"She'll throw 'em away," repeated Jan. "There's not a worse lot for physic in all the parish than Dame Dawson. I know her of old. She thought she'd get peppermint and cordials ordered for her; an excuse for running up a score at the public-house. Where's the doctor?"

"He's off somewhere. I saw one of the Bitterworth grooms come to the house this afternoon, so perhaps something's wrong there. I say, Jan, there'll be a stunning pie for supper!"

"Have you seen it?"

"Haven't I? I went into the kitchen when she was making it. It has got a hare inside it, and forcemeat balls."

"Who?" asked Jan—alluding to the maker.

"Miss Deb," replied young Cheese. "It's sure to be something extra good, for her to go and make it. If she doesn't help me to a rare good serving, shan't I look black at her!"

"It mayn't be for supper," debated Jan.

"Cook said it was. I asked her. She thought somebody was coming. I say, Jan, if you miss any castor oil, don't go and say I drank it."

Jan lifted his eyes to a shelf opposite, where various glass bottles stood. Among them was the one containing the castor oil. "Who has been at it?"

"Miss Amilly. She came and filled that great fat glass pot of hers, with her own hands; and she made me drop in some essence of cloves to scent it. Won't her hair smell of it to-night?"

"They'll make castor oil scarce, if they go at it like that," said Jan, indifferently.

"They use about a quart a month; I know they do—the three of them together," exclaimed young Cheese as vehemently as if the loss of the castor oil was personal. "How their nightcaps must be greased!"

"Sibylla doesn't use it," said Jan.

"Doesn't she, though!" retorted young Cheese with acrimony. "She uses many things on the sly that she pretends not to use. She's as vain as a peacock. Did you hear about—"

Master Cheese cut his question short: coming in at the surgery door was Lionel Verner.

"Well, Jan, what about Decima? After waiting ages at the Court for you to come downstairs and report, I found you were gone."

"It's a twist," said Jan. "It will be all right in a few days. How's uncle Stephen to-day?"

"Just the same. Are the young ladies in?"

"Go and see," said Jan. "I know nothing about 'em."

"Yes, they are in, sir," interrupted Master Cheese. "They have not been out all the afternoon, for a wonder."

Lionel left the surgery, stepped round to the front door, and entered the house.

In a square, moderate-sized drawing-room, with tasty things scattered about it to catch the eye, stood a young lady, figuring off before the chimney-glass. Had you looked critically into the substantial furniture you might have found it old and poor: of a different class from the valuable furniture at Verner's Pride, widely different from the light, elegant furniture at Lady Verner's. But, what with white anti-macassars, many-colored mats on which reposed pretty ornaments, glasses and vases of flowers, and other trifles, the room looked well enough for anything. In like manner, had you, with the same critical eye, scanned the young lady, you would have found that of real beauty she possessed little. A small pretty doll's face with blue eyes and gold-colored ringlets; a round face, betraying nothing very great, or good, or intellectual; only something fascinating and pretty. Her chief beauty lay in her complexion; by candle-light it was radiantly lovely, a pure red and white, looking like wax-work. A pretty, graceful girl she looked; and, what with her fascinations of person, of dress, and of manner, all of which she perfectly well knew how to display, she had contrived to lead more than one heart captive, and to hold it in fast chains.

The light of the gas chandelier shone on her now; on her blue gauzy dress, set off with ribbons, on her sleepy blue eyes, on her rose-colored cheeks. She was figuring off before the glass, I say, twisting her ringlets round her fingers, and putting them in various positions to try the effect; her employment, her look, her manner, all indicating the very essence of vanity. The opening of the door caused her to turn her head, and she shook her ringlets into their proper place, and dropped her hands by her side, at the entrance of Lionel Verner.

"Oh, Lionel; is it you?" said she, with as much composure as if she had not been caught gazing at herself. "I was looking at this," pointing to an inverted tumbler on the mantelpiece. "Is it not strange that we should see a moth at this cold season? Amilly found it this afternoon on the geraniums."

Lionel Verner advanced and bent his head to look at the pretty speckled moth reposing so still on its green leaf. Did he see through the artifice? Did he suspect that the young lady had been admiring her own pretty face, and not the moth? Not he. Lionel's whole heart had long ago been given to that vain butterfly, Sibylla West, who was gay and flustering, and really of little more use in life than the moth. How was it that he had suffered himself to love her? Suffered! Love plays strange tricks, and it has fooled many a man like it was fooling Lionel Verner.

And what of Sibylla? Sibylla did not love him. The two ruling passions of her heart were vanity and ambition. To be some time the mistress of Verner's Pride was a very vista of desire, and therefore she encouraged Lionel. She did not encourage him very much; she was rather in the habit of playing fast and loose with him: but that only served to rivet tighter the links of his chain. All the love—such as it was!—that Sibylla West was capable of giving, was in possession of Frederick Massingbird. Strange tricks again! It was scarcely credible that one should fall in love with him by the side of the attractive Lionel; but so it had been. Sibylla loved Frederick Massingbird for himself, she liked Lionel because he was the heir to Verner's Pride, and she had managed to keep both her slaves.

Lionel had never spoken of his love. He knew that his marriage with Sibylla West would be so utterly distasteful to Mr. Verner, that he was content to wait. He knew that Sibylla could not mistake him—could not mistake what his feelings were; and he believed that she also was content to wait until he should be his own master and at liberty to ask for her. When that time should come, what did she intend to do with Frederick Massingbird, who made no secret to her that he loved her and expected to make her his wife? Sibylla did not know; she did not much care; she was of a careless nature, and allowed the future to take its chance.

The only person who had penetrated to the secret of her love for Frederick Massingbird was her father, Dr. West.

"Don't be a simpleton, child, and bind yourself with your eyes bandaged," he abruptly and laconically said to her one day. "When Verner's Pride falls in, then marry whoever is its master."

"Lionel will be its master for certain, will he not?" she answered, startled out of the words.

"We don't know who will be its master," was Dr. West's rejoinder. "Don't play the simpleton, I say, Sibylla, by entangling yourself with your cousin Fred."

Dr. West was one who possessed an eye to the main chance; and had Lionel Verner been beyond contingency "certain" of Verner's Pride, there is little doubt but he would have brought him to book at once, by demanding his intentions with regard to Sibylla. There were very few persons in Deerham but deemed Lionel as indisputably certain of Verner's Pride as though he were already in possession of it. Dr. West was probably an unusually cautious man.

"It is singular," observed Lionel, looking at the moth. "The day has been sunshiny, but far too cold to call these moths into life. At least, according to my belief; but I am not learned in entomology."

"Ento—what a hard word!" cried Sibylla, in her prettily affected manner. "I should never find out how to spell it."

Lionel smiled. His deep love was shining out of his eyes as he looked down upon her. He loved her powerfully, deeply, passionately; to him she was as a very angel, and he believed her to be pure-souled, honest-hearted, single-minded as one.

"Where did my aunt go to to-day?" inquired Sibylla, alluding to Mrs. Verner.

"She did not go out at all that I am aware of," he answered.

"I saw the carriage out this afternoon."

"It was going to the station for Miss Tempest."

"Oh! she's come, then? Have you seen her? What sort of a demoiselle does she seem?"

"The sweetest child!—she looks little more than a child!" cried Lionel, impulsively.

"A child, is she? I had an idea she was grown up. Have any of you at Verner's Pride heard from John?"

"No."

"But the mail's in, is it not? How strange that he does not write!"

"He may be coming home with his gold," said Lionel.

They were interrupted. First of all came in the tea-things—for at Dr. West's the dinner-hour was early—and, next, two young ladies bearing a great resemblance to each other. It would give them dire offence not to call them young. They were really not very much past thirty, but they were of that class of women who age rapidly; their hair was sadly thin, some of their teeth had gone, and they had thin flushed faces and large twisted noses; but their blue eyes had a good-natured look in them. Little in person, rather bending forward as they walked, and dressing youthfully, they yet looked older than they really were. Their light brown hair was worn in short straggling ringlets in front, and twisted up with a comb behind. Once upon a time that hair was long and tolerably thick, but it had gradually and spitefully worn down to what it was now. The Miss Wests were proud of it still, however, as may be inferred by the disappearance of the castor oil. A short while back, somebody had recommended to them castor oil as the best specific for bringing on departed hair. They were inoffensive in mind and manners, rather simple, somewhat affected and very vain, quarrelling with no person under the sun, except Sibylla. Sibylla was the plague of their lives. So many years younger than they, they had patted her and indulged her as a child, until at length the child became their mistress. Sibylla was rude and ungrateful, would cast scornful words at them, and call them "old maids," with other reproachful terms. There was open warfare between them; but in their hearts they loved Sibylla still. They had been named respectively Deborah and Amilly. The latter name had been intended Amelie, but by some mistake of the parents or of the clergyman, none of them French scholars, Amilly the child was christened and registered. It remained a joke against Amilly to this day.

"Sibylla!" exclaimed Deborah, somewhat in surprise, as she shook hands with Lionel, "I thought you had gone to Verner's Pride."

"Nobody came for me. It got dusk, and I did not care to go alone," replied Sibylla.

"Did you think of going to Verner's Pride this evening, Sibylla?" asked Lionel. "Let me take you now. We shall be just in time for dinner. I'll bring you back this evening."

"I don't know," hesitated Sibylla. The truth was, she had expected Frederick Massingbird to come for her. "I—think—I'll—go," she slowly said, apparently balancing some point in her mind.

"If you do go, you should make haste and put your things on," suggested Miss Amilly. And Sibylla acquiesced and left the room.

"Has Mr. Jan been told that the tea's ready, I wonder?" cried Miss Deborah.

Mr. Jan apparently had been told, for he entered as she was speaking; and Master Cheese—his apron off and his hair brushed—with him. Master Cheese cast an inquisitive look at the tea-table, hoping he should see something tempting upon it; eating good things, forming the pleasantest portion of that young gentleman's life.

"Take this seat, Mr. Jan," said Miss Amilly, drawing a chair forward next her own. "Master Cheese, have the kindness to move a little round; Mr. Jan can't see the fire if you sit there."

"I don't want to see it," said literal Jan, "I'm not cold." And Master Cheese took the opportunity the words gave to remain where he was. He liked to sit in the warmth, with his back to the fire.

"I cannot think where papa is," said Miss Deborah. "Mr. Lionel, is it of any use asking you to take a cup of tea?"

"Thank you, I am going home to dinner," replied Lionel. "Dr. West is coming in now," he added, perceiving that gentleman's approach from the window.

"Miss Amilly," asked Jan, "have you been at the castor oil?"

Poor Miss Amilly turned all the colors of the rainbow; if she had one weakness, it was upon the subject of her diminishing locks. While Cheese, going red also, administered to Jan sundry kicks under the table, as an intimation that he should have kept counsel. "I—took—just a little drop, Mr. Jan," said she. "What's the dose, if you please? Is it one teaspoonful or two?"

"It depends upon the age," said Jan, "if you mean taken inwardly. For you it would be—I say, Cheese, what are you kicking at?"

Cheese began to stammer something about the leg of the table; but the subject was interrupted by the entrance of Sibylla. Lionel wished them good evening, and went out with her. Outside the room door they encountered Dr. West.

"Where are you going, Sibylla?" he asked, almost sharply, as his glance fell upon his daughter and Lionel.

"To Verner's Pride."

"Go and take your things off. You cannot go to Verner's Pride this evening."

"But papa, why?" inquired Sibylla, feeling that she should like to turn restive.

"I have my reasons for it. You will know them later. Now go and take your things off without another word."

Sibylla dared not openly dispute the will of her father, neither would she essay to do it before Lionel Verner. She turned somewhat unwillingly towards the staircase, and Dr. West opened the drawing-room door, signing to Lionel to wait.

"Deborah, I am going out. Don't keep the tea. Mr. Jan, should I be summoned anywhere, you'll attend for me. I don't know when I shall be home."

"All right," called out Jan. And Dr. West went out with Lionel Verner.

"I am going to Verner's Pride," he said, taking Lionel's arm as soon as they were in the street. "There's news come from Australia. John Massingbird's dead."

The announcement was made so abruptly, with so little circumlocution or preparation, that Lionel Verner failed at the first moment to take in the full meaning of the words, "John Massingbird dead?" he mechanically asked.

"He is dead. It's a sad tale. He had the gold about him, a great quantity of it, bringing it down to Melbourne, and he was killed on the road; murdered for the sake of the gold."

"How have you heard it?" demanded Lionel.

"I met Roy just now," replied Dr. West. "He stopped me, saying he had heard from his son by this afternoon's post; that there was bad news in the letter, and he supposed he must go to Verner's Pride, and break it to them. He gave me the letter, and I undertook to carry the tidings to Mrs. Verner."

"It is awfully sudden," said Lionel. "By the mail, two months ago, he wrote himself to us in the highest spirits. And now—dead!"

"Life over there is not worth a month's purchase just now," remarked Dr. West, and Lionel could but note that had he been discussing the death of a total stranger, instead of a nephew, he could only have spoken in the same indifferent matter-of-fact tone. "By all accounts, society is in a strange state there," he continued, "ruffians lying in wait ever for prey. The men have been taken and the gold found upon them, Luke writes."

"That's good, so far," said Lionel.

When they reached Verner's Pride, they found that a letter was waiting for Frederick Massingbird, who had not been home since he left the house early in the afternoon. The superscription was in the same handwriting as the letter Dr. West had brought—Luke Roy's. There could be no doubt that it was only a confirmation of the tidings.

Mrs. Verner was in the drawing-room alone, Tynn said, ready to go into dinner, and rather cross that Mr. Lionel should keep her waiting for it.

"Who will break it to her—you or I?" asked Dr. West, of Lionel.

"I think it should be you. You are her brother."

Broken to her it was, in the best mode they were able. It proved a severe shock. Mrs. Verner had loved John, her eldest born, above every earthly thing. He was wild, random, improvident, had given her incessant trouble as a child and as a man; and so, mother fashion, she loved him best.

CHAPTER X.—A CONTEMPLATED VOYAGE.

FREDERICK MASSINGBIRD sat perched on the gate of a ploughed field, softly whistling. His brain was busy, and he was holding counsel with himself under the gray February skies. Three weeks had gone by since the tidings arrived of the death of his brother, and Frederick was deliberating whether he should, or should not, go out. His own letter from Luke Roy had been in substance the same as that which Luke had written to his father. It was neither more explanatory nor less so. Luke Roy was not a first hand at epistolary correspondence. John had been attacked and killed for the sake of his gold, and the attackers and the gold had been taken hold of by the law; so far it said, and no further. That the notion should occur to Frederick to go out to Melbourne, and lay claim to the gold and any other property that had been left by John, was only natural. He had been making up his mind to do so for the last three weeks; and perhaps the vision of essaying a little business in the gold fields on his own account urged him on. But he had not fully made up his mind yet. The journey was a long and hazardous one; and he did not care to leave Sibylla.

"To be, or not to be?" soliloquized he, from his seat on the gate, as he plucked thin branches off from the bare winter hedge, and scattered them. "Old stepfather's wily yet, he may last an age, and this is getting a horrid humdrum life. I wonder what he'll leave me when he does go off? Mother said one day she thought it wouldn't be more than five hundred pounds. She doesn't know; he does not tell her about his private affairs—never has told her. Five hundred pounds! If he left me a paltry sum like that, I'd fling it in the heir's face—Master Lionel's."

He put a piece of the thorn into his mouth, bit it up, spit it out again, and went on with his soliloquy.

"I had better go. Why, if nothing to speak of does come to me from old Verner, this money of John's would be a perfect windfall. I must not lose the chance of it—and lose it I should, unless I go out and see after it. No, it would never do. I'll go. It's hard to say how much he has left, poor fellow. Thousands—if one may judge by his letters—besides this great nugget that they killed him for, the villains! Yes, I'll go—that's settled. And now to try and get Sibylla. She'll accompany me fast enough—at least, I fancy she would—but there's that old West. I may have a battle over it with him."

He flung away what remained in his hand of the sticks, leaped off the gate, and bent his steps hastily in the direction of Deerham. Could he be going there and then to Dr. West's, to try his fate with Sibylla? Very probably. Frederick Massingbird liked to deliberate well when making up his mind to a step; but that once done, he was wont to lose no time in carrying it out.

On this same afternoon, and just about the same hour, Lionel Verner was strolling through Deerham on his way to pay a visit to his mother. Close at the door he encountered Decima—well now—and Miss Tempest, who were going out. None would have believed Lionel and Decima to be brother and sister, judging by their attire; he wore deep mourning, she had not a shred of mourning about her. Lady Verner, in her prejudice against Verner's Pride, had neither put on mourning herself for John Massingbird, nor allowed Decima to put it on. Lionel was turning with them, but Lady Verner, who had seen him from the window, sent a servant to desire him to come to her.

"Is it anything particular, mother?" he hastily inquired. "I am going with Decima and Lucy."

"It is so far particular, Lionel, that I wish you to stay with me, instead of going with them," answered Lady Verner. "I fancy you are getting rather fond of being with Lucy, and—and—in short, it won't do."

Lionel, in his excessive astonishment, could only stare at his mother.

"Whatever do you mean?" he asked. "Lucy Tempest! What won't do?"

"You are beginning to pay Lucy Tempest particular attention," said Lady Verner, unscrewing the silver stopper of her essence bottle, and applying some to her forehead. "I will not permit it, Lionel."

Lionel could not avoid laughing.

"What can have put such a thing in your head, mother, I am at a loss to conceive. Certainly nothing in my conduct has induced it. I have talked to Lucy as a child more than as anything else; I have scarcely thought of her but as one—"

"Lucy is not a child," interrupted Lady Verner.

"In years I find she is not. When I first saw her at the railway station, I thought she was a child, and the impression somehow remains upon my mind. Too often I talk to her as one. As to anything else, were I to marry to-morrow, it is not Lucy Tempest I should make my wife."

The first glad look that Lionel had seen on Lady Verner's face for

many a day came over it then. In her own mind she had been weaving a pretty little romance for Lionel, and it was her dread, lest that romance should be interfered with, which had called up her fears touching Lucy Tempest.

"My darling Lionel, you know where you might go and choose a wife," she said. "I have long wished that you would do it. Beauty, rank, wealth, you may win them for the asking."

A slightly self-conscious smile crossed the lips of Lionel.

"You are surely not going to introduce again that nonsense about Mary Elmsley!" he exclaimed. "I should never like her, never marry her, therefore—"

"Did you not allude to her when you spoke but now—that it was not Lucy Tempest you should make your wife?"

"No."

"To whom, then? Lionel, I must know it."

Lionel's cheek flushed scarlet.

"I am not going to marry yet—I have no intention of it. Why should this conversation have arisen?"

"Oh, Lionel, there is a dreadful fear upon me!" gasped Lady Verner. "Not Lady Mary! Some one else! I remember Decima said one day that you appeared to care more for Sibylla West than for her, your sister. I have never thought of it from that hour to this: I paid no more attention to it than though she had said you cared for my maid Therese. You cannot care for Sibylla West!"

Lionel had high notions of duty as well as of honor, and he would not equivocate to his mother.

"I do care very much for Sibylla West," he said, in a low tone; "and, please God, I hope she will some time be my wife. But, mother, this confidence is entirely between ourselves. I beg you not to speak of it; it must not be suffered to get abroad."

The one short sentence of avowal, Lionel might as well have talked to the moon. Lady Verner heard him not. She was horrified. The Wests in her eyes were utterly despicable. Dr. West was tolerated as her doctor; but as nothing else. Her brave Lionel—standing there before her in all the pride of his strength and his beauty—he sacrifice himself to Sibylla West! Of the two, Therese would have been the less dreadful to the mind of Lady Verner.

A quarrel ensued. Stay—that's a wrong word. It was not a quarrel, for Lady Verner had all the talking, and Lionel would not respond angrily; he kept his lips pressed together lest he should. Never had Lady Verner been moved to make such a scene; she reproached, she sobbed, she entreated. And, in the midst of it, in walked Decima and Lucy Tempest.

Lady Verner for once forgot herself. She forgot that Lucy was a stranger: she forgot the request of Lionel for silence; and, upon Decima's asking what was amiss, she told all—that Lionel loved Sibylla West, and meant to marry her.

Decima was too shocked to speak. Lucy turned and looked at Lionel, a pleasant smile shining in her eyes. "She is very pretty; very, very pretty; I never saw any one prettier."

"Thank you, Lucy," he cordially said; and it was the first time he had called her Lucy.

Decima went up to her brother. "Lionel, must it be? I do not like her."

"Decima, I fear that you and my mother are both prejudiced," he somewhat haughtily answered. And there he stopped. In turning his eyes towards his mother as he spoke of her, he saw that she had fainted away.

Jan was sent for in all haste. Dr. West was Lady Verner's medical adviser, but a feeling in Decima's heart at the moment prevented her summoning him. Jan arrived on the run, the servant had told him she was not sure but that her mistress was dying.

Lady Verner had revived then, was better, and was re-entering upon the grievance which had so affected her.

"What could it have been?" wondered Jan, who knew his mother was not subject to fainting-fits.

"Ask your brother, there, what it was," resentfully spoke Lady Verner. "He told me he was going to marry Sibylla West."

"Law!" uttered Jan.

Lionel stood, haughty, impassive; his lips curling, his figure drawn to its full height. He would not reproach his mother by so much as a word, but the course she was taking, in thus proclaiming his affairs to the world, hurt him in no measured degree.

"I don't like her," said Jan. "Deborah and Amilly are not much, but I'd rather have the two than Sibylla."

"Jan," said Lionel, suppressing his temper, "your opinion was not asked."

Jan sat down on the arm of the sofa, his great legs dangling.

"Sibylla can't marry two," said he.

"Will you be quiet, Jan?" said Lionel. "You have no right to interfere. You shall not interfere."

"Gracious, Lionel, I don't want to interfere," returned Jan, simply. "Sibylla's going to marry Fred Massingbird."

"Will you be quiet?" reiterated Lionel, his brow flushing scarlet.

"I'll be quiet," said Jan, with composure. "You can go and ask her for yourself. It has all been settled this afternoon; not ten minutes ago. Fred's going to Australia and Sibylla's going with him, and Deborah and Amilly are crying their eyes out at the thought of parting with her."

Lady Verner looked up at Jan, an expression of eager hope on her face. She could have kissed him a thousand times. Lionel—Lionel took his hat and walked out.

Believing it? No. The temptation to chastise Jan was growing great, and he deemed it well to remove himself out of it. Jan was right, however.

Much to the surprise of Frederick Massingbird, very much to the surprise of Sibylla, Dr. West not only gave his consent to the marriage as soon as asked, but urged it on. If Fred must depart in a week, why they could be married in a week, he said. Sibylla was was thunderstruck; Miss Deborah and Miss Amilly gave vent to a few hysterical shrieks, and hinted about the wedding clothes and the outfit. That could be got together in a day, was the reply of Dr. West, and they were too much astonished to say it could not.

"You told me to wait for Lionel Verner," whispered Sibylla, when she and her father were alone, as she stood before him, trembling. In her mind's eye she saw Verner's Pride slipping from her, and it gave her chagrin, in spite of her love for Fred Massingbird.

Dr. West leaned forward and whispered a few words in her ear. She started violently, she colored crimson.

"Papa!"

"It is true," added the doctor.

As Lionel passed the house, on his way from Deerham Court to Verner's Pride, he turned into it, led by a powerful impulse. He did not believe Jan, but the words had made him feel twinges of uneasiness. Fred Massingbird had gone then, and the doctor was out. Lionel looked into the drawing-room, and there found the two elder Miss Wests, each dissolved in a copious shower of tears. So far, Jan's words were borne out. A sharp spasm shot across his heart.

"You are in grief," he said, advancing to them. "What is the cause?"

"The most dreadful voyage for her!" ejaculated Miss Deborah. "The ship may go to the bottom before it gets there."

"And not so much as time to think of proper things for her, let alone the getting them!" sobbed Miss Amilly. "It's all a confused mass in my mind altogether; bonnets, and gowns, and veils, and wreaths, and trunks, and petticoats, and calico things for the voyage!"

Lionel felt his lips grow pale. They were too much engrossed to notice him. Nevertheless he covered his face with his hand as he stood by the mantelpiece.

"Where's she going?" he quietly asked.

"To Melbourne, with Fred," said Miss Deborah. "Fred's going out to sea about the money and gold John left, and to realize it. They are not to stay; it will only be the voyage out and home. But if she should be taken ill out there and die! Her sisters died, Mr. Lionel. Fred is her cousin, too. Better have married one not of kin."

They talked on. Lionel heard them not. After the revelation that she was about to marry, all else seemed a chaos. But he was one who could control his feelings.

"I must be going," said he quietly, moving from his standing-place with calmness. "Good-day to you."

He shook hands with them both, amidst a great accession of sobs, and quitted the room. Running down the stairs at that moment, singing gaily a scrap of a merry song, came Sibylla, unconscious of his vicinity—indeed, of his presence in the house. She started when she saw him, and stopped in hesitation.

Lionel threw open the door of the empty dining-room, caught her arm and drew her into it, his bearing haughty, his gestures imperative. There they stood before each other, neither speaking for some moments. Lionel's lips were livid, and her rich waxwork color went and came, and her light blue eyes fell under the stern gaze of his.

"Is this true which I have been obliged to hear?" was his first question.

She knew that she had acted ill. She knew that Lionel Verner deserved to have a better part played by him. She had always looked up to him—all the Wests had—as one superior in birth, rank and station to herself. Altogether the moment brought to her a great amount of shame and confusion.

"Answer me one question, I demand it of you," reiterated Lionel. "Have you ever mistaken my sentiments towards you in the least degree?"

"How—I—I don't know," she faltered.

"No equivocation," burst forth Lionel. "Have you not known that I loved you? That I was only waiting my uncle's death to make you my wife? Heaven forgive me that I should thus speak as though I had built upon it!"

Sibylla let fall some tears.

"Which have you loved—all this while? Me—or him?"

"Oh! don't speak to me like that," sobbed Sibylla. "He asked me to marry him, and—and—papa said yes."

"I ask you," said Lionel, in a low voice, "which is it that you love?"

She did not answer. She stood before him the prettiest picture of distress imaginable, her hands clasped, her large blue eyes filled with tears, her shower of golden hair shading her burning cheeks.

"If you have been surprised or terrified into this engagement, loving him not, will you give him up for me?" tenderly whispered Lionel. "Not, you understand, if your love be his. In that case, I would not ask it. But, without reference to myself at all, I doubt—and I have my reasons for it—if Frederick Massingbird be worthy of you."

Was she wavering in her own mind? She stole a glance upward, at his tall, fine form, his attractive face, its lineaments showing out, in that moment, all the pride of the Verners—a pride that mingled with love.

Lionel bent to her.

"Sibylla, if you love him I have no more to say; if you love me, avow it, as I will then avow my love, my intentions, in the face of day. Reflect before you speak. It is a solemn moment—a moment which holds alike my destiny and yours in its hands."

A rush of blood to her heart, a rush of moisture to her forehead, for Sibylla West was not wholly without feeling, and she knew, as Lionel said, that it was a decision fraught with grave destiny. But Frederick Massingbird was more to her than he was.

"I have given my promise. I cannot go from it," was her scarcely breathed answer.

"May your falsity never come home to you!" broke from Lionel, in the bitterness of his anguish. And he strode from the room without another word or look, and quitted the house.

Deerham could not believe the news. Verner's Pride could not believe it. Nobody believed it, save Lady Verner, and she was only too thankful to believe it and hug it. There was nothing surprising in Sibylla's marrying her cousin Fred, for many had shrewdly suspected that the favor between them was not altogether cousinly favor; but the surprise was given to the hasty marriage. Dr. West vouchsafed an explanation. Two of his daughters, aged respectively one year and two years younger than Amilly, had each died of consumption, as all Deerham knew. On attaining her 25th year each one had shown rapid symptoms of the disease and had lingered but a few weeks. Sibylla was only 21 yet; but Dr. West fancied he saw, or said he saw, grounds for fear. It was known of what value a sea-voyage was in these constitutions; hence his consent to the departure of Sibylla. Such was the explanation of Dr. West.

"I wonder whether the stated 'fear of consumption' has been called up by himself for the occasion?" was the thought that crossed the mind of Decima Verner.

Decima did not believe in Dr. West.

Verner's Pride, like the rest, had been taken by surprise. Mrs. Verner received the news with equanimity. She had never given Fred a tithe of the love that John had had, and she did not seem much to care whether he married Sibylla or whether he did not—whether he went out to Australia or whether he staid at home. Frederick told her of it in a very off-hand manner; but he took pains to bespeak the approbation of Mr. Verner.

"I hope my choice is pleasant to you, sir? That you will cordially sanction it."

"Whether it is pleasant to me or not, I have no right to say it shall not be," was the reply of Mr. Verner. "I have never interfered with you or with your brother since you became inmates of my house."

"Do you not like Sibylla, sir?"

"She's a pretty girl. I know nothing against her. I think you might have chosen worse."

Coldly, very coldly were the words delivered; and there was a keen expression of anguish on Mr. Verner's face, but that was nothing unusual now. Frederick Massingbird was content to accept the words as a sanction of approval.

A few words—I don't mean angry ones—passed between him and Lionel the night before the wedding. Lionel had not condescended to speak to Frederick Massingbird upon the subject at all. Sibylla had refused him for the other of her own free will, and there he let it rest. But the evening previous to the marriage-day Lionel appeared to be strangely troubled, indecisive, anxious, as if he were debating some question with himself. Suddenly he went straight up to Frederick Massingbird's chamber, who was deep in the business of packing, like his unfortunate brother John had been not two short years before.

"I want to speak to you," he began. "I have thought of it these several days past, but I was unwilling to do so, for you may deem that it is no business of mine. However, I cannot get it off my mind that it may be my duty; and I have come to do it."

Frederick Massingbird was half-buried amid piles of things, but he turned round at this strange address and looked at Lionel.

"Is there nothing on your conscience that should prevent your marrying that girl?"

"Do you want her for yourself?" was Fred's answer, after a prolonged stare.

Lionel flushed to his very temples. He controlled the hasty retort that rose to his tongue.

"I came here not to speak in any one's interest but hers. Were she free as air this moment—were she to come to my feet and say, 'Let me be your wife,' I should tell her that the whole world was before her to choose from, save myself. She can never again be anything to me. No; I speak for her alone. She is marrying you in all confidence; are you worthy of her?"

"What on earth do you mean?" cried Frederick Massingbird.

"If there be any sin upon your conscience that ought to prevent your taking her or any confiding girl to your heart as wife, reflect whether you should ignore it. The consequences may come home later, and then what would be her position?"

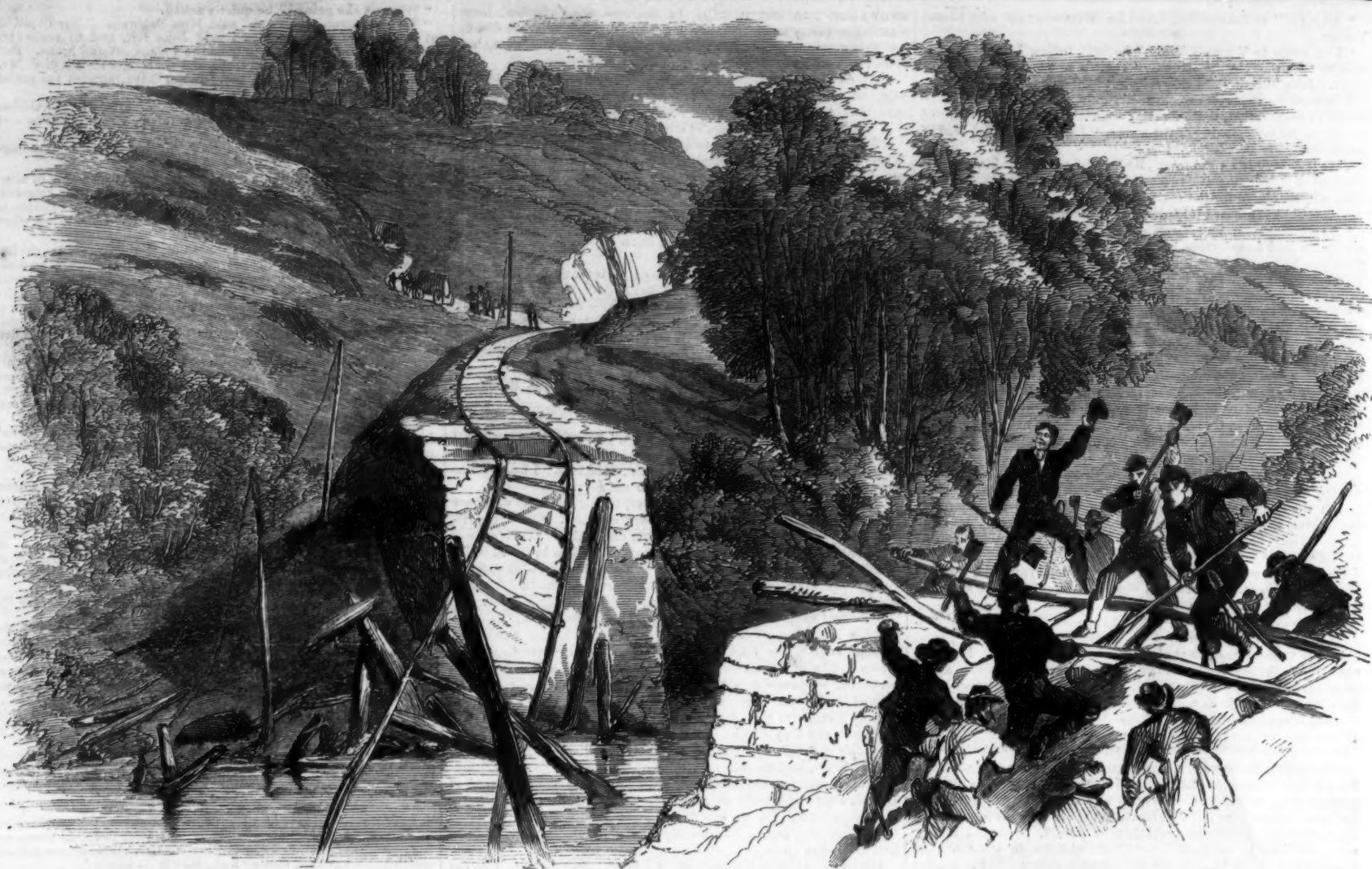
"I have no sin upon my conscience. Poor John, perhaps, had plenty. I do not understand you, Lionel Verner."

"On your sacred word?"

"On my word and honor, too."

"Then forgive me," was the ready reply of Lionel; and he held out his hand with frankness to Frederick Massingbird.

(To be continued.)



DESTRUCTION OF THE ORANGE AND ALEXANDRIA RAILROAD BRIDGE AT BULL RUN BY THE REBELS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. EDWIN FORBES.

NEW UNIFORM OF THE EXCELSIOR BRIGADE.

THE Excelsior or Sickles Brigade was raised under a direct order from the President, and although it has been claimed by the State, and its regiments numbered in the State's quota, it has maintained its distinctive and exceptional character. There is no doubt much to be gained by giving to a regiment a name which is "all its own." It gives a sense of individuality and responsibility impossible to impart by numerical designations. Would Hawkins's Zouaves have distinguished themselves equally as the 9th New York Volunteers? or the Excelsior Brigade as the 71st New York Volunteers, etc.? Doubtful. The individuality of the brigade, which has done the heaviest and most successful fighting of any in the service, is to be made more marked by a new and peculiar uniform, that of the *Chasseurs à Pied* of the French army, which conforms with the regular uniform of our army in color, but differs widely in style, as will be seen from the engraving. It is commodious and comfortable, as well as soldierly.

WAR SCENES IN THE WEST.

Kentucky and Ohio.

THE threat made by the guerilla chief, Morgan, when he made his famous raid upon Kentucky, and occupied Paris and Cynthiana, has been fulfilled, for the rebels are now advancing in force against Covington, and even threatening the other side of the Ohio. The rebel army is under the command of Gen. Kirby Smith, and is variously estimated from 15,000 to 30,000 men. They are poorly clad, but well armed, and considering their organization are tolerably well disciplined. Their officers are bitter desperadoes, and they unite in the expressed determination to pillage Cincinnati, against which city they pretend to have some terrible grudge to settle. Gen. Kirby Smith, the rebel commander, is much trusted by his troops, and is a cool and daring leader.

To meet these men we have Gen. Lew Wallace with about 40,000 men at Covington and Newport—these are principally citizens who have armed to defend their homesteads; and they will do it, or die in the attempt. The fierceness of feeling existing between the rebels and the loyal citizens is something far above all international hostilities, and partakes of a vindictive abhorrence which will render the conflict murderous in the extreme.

Mr. Lovie states that both the Ohioans and Kentuckians have flown to arms with a wonderful alacrity to repel the rebels, who occupy, in their sight, the form of the double demon of rebel and robber. Greene county has been especially in earnest on the present occasion, and has risen to a man, the women cheering them on to their good work. The Squirrel Rifles are from this indomitable county, and, like the Bucktails of Pennsylvania, derive their appellation from the fact of their proficiency in hunting the animal whose name they at once usurp and glorify. No sooner was a call made upon them than this gallant regiment were "up and ready to be at the foe." In half an hour they were at the railroad depot at Xenia, and after kissing their mothers, wives, daughters and sweethearts, as the case might be, singly and collectively, away they went with their trusty rifles and still truer hearts to drive back the rebel brigands of Davis. Soul-stirring were the cheers which these noble men gave from the windows of the cars as they whirled off to the scene of action.

Xenia is a handsome and flourishing town, the capital of Greene county, Ohio, and 65 miles N.E. of Cincinnati, and 62 W. S. W. of Columbus. Its population is about 10,000. It contains several churches, a bank, and enjoys the enlightening influence of two newspapers.

THE Sickles Brigade!—May they reap the rebels' sow!

GRACE CHURCH, NEW YORK.

We take the following sketch of the "aristocratic" church of New York from "Recent Recollections of the Anglo-American Church, by an English Layman."

"To the very remotest corner of our land has penetrated the fame of this stately sanctuary, whose mighty shadow falls across the everlasting tumult of Broadway, and over whose aristocratic pavements no footsteps pass but those of the very *crème de la crème* of our New York society. It is no easy affair to effect a successful entrance, so great is the throng of rustling silks, butterfly bonnets, costly furs and glittering ornaments pouring into church from the host of carriages without.

"This portly smiling gentleman, with the bald forehead, ringed fingers, glossy linen and lustrous broadcloth, who is always busy, yet never in an undignified hurry, is Mr. Brown—the identical, immortal Brown, whose presence is so indispensable at every wedding or soiree, ball or funeral. In fact, this sexton of Grace Church is

sole master of ceremonies at every fashionable festivity. Within there is the rich gorgeous gloom that one unconsciously connects with the old cathedral cloisters of the middle ages—the long perspective of dim arches, aisles and pillared naves, while the magnificence of the stained glass windows almost baffles the power of description. Streams of deep blue and emerald light blend, with a sort of rainbow effect, into the shadows of vivid crimson and trembling gold that glimmer across carved door and decorated gallery, while one window seems like a peep into the clear depths of a summer night, so exquisite is the gleam of its golden stars through a ground of soft rich azure.

"Another picture the fine old apostles with circles of amber glory above their heads, and the great central window, above the altar, is emblazoned with the Dove descending in a shower of radiance on the meek bowed head of the Saviour. All here is splendor and luxury; the ceilings are exquisitely carved and frescoed, rich carpets deaden the footfall, glittering prayer-books, bound in gold and velvet, repose on the satiny surface of rare veined wood, the form sinks back into the soft depths of yielding cushions, and damask footstools offer a delicious refuge for the fashionable sinners when they kneel to confess their manifold peccadilloes.

"We wonder what the martyrs of old times, and the heroes who died at the stake long ago, would say if they could be suddenly placed in the midst of this temple of the Lord, and introduced to this religion of the 19th century! Would they marvel at the wisdom of their descendants, who have exchanged the old-fashioned path of thorns for a short cut across velvet carpets and mosaic pavements? or would they be insane enough to entertain a doubt whether the 'short cut' actually led to the exact spot called Heaven?

"We cannot answer that question. Ask yonder fat old gentleman, fast asleep, with his gold spectacles perched on the tip of his nose; there are bank dividends and fat rent-rolls written on every wrinkle of his face. Or ask that lady, in her velvet dress and ermine cap, who is eyeing her neighbor's Russian sables with an envious eye; ask yonder lovely girl in her diamond bracelet, so prettily conscious of the moustached hero opposite.

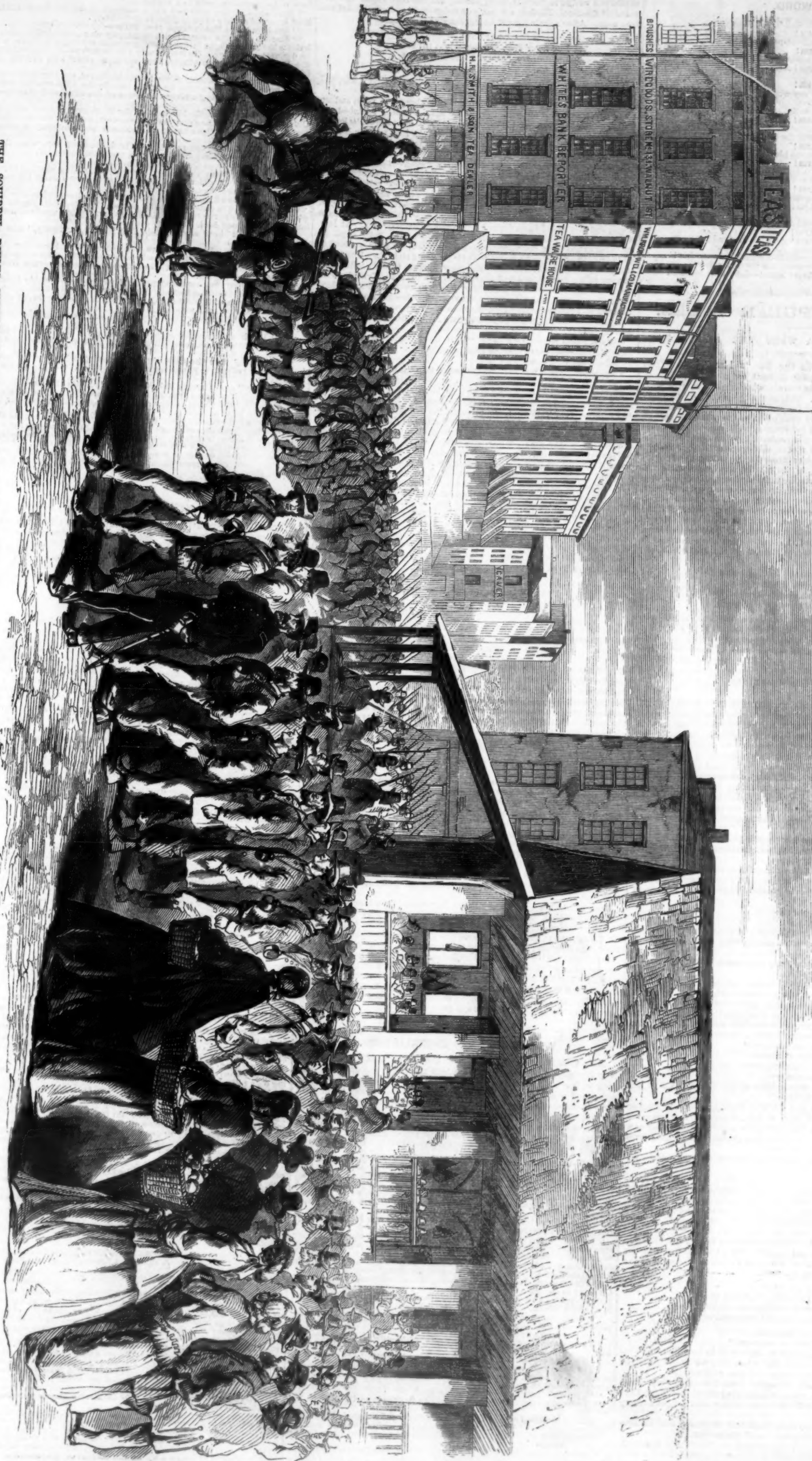
"See what they will say. No doubt the verdict will be satisfactory. The fine and familiar chants of the Episcopal Church are rendered still sweeter by the magnificent volume of voice on which float up the sweet sentences of Scripture, and the old-fashioned hymns, sung by a thousand mothers at a thousand hearthstones, fall with grateful refrain on the ear. Who shall say there is nothing holy and attractive in being conservative as regards the observance of the customs of 'lang syne'? The good old pastor's lips have scarcely concluded the benediction when there is an instantaneous movement toward the door, as if the congregation experienced a sensation of sudden relief. No wonder—all their religious services done, and the coast clear for another six days of gaiety and dissipation!

"The nimble creatures of cockades and gold bands descend to open carriage-doors—the gentlemen exchange nods and smiles with one another, fat gentlemen included, who says, 'It's a very fine sermon;' though, to our certain knowledge, he was asleep the whole time; and the ladies compress their crinolines, robes à quilles, and rose-colored bonnets into their carriages, as one by one they draw up to receive their aristocratic freight. There is a thunder of wheels, a glitter of silver-plated harness, and a soft titter of bird-like voices, as the ladies say, 'Good-bye,' and thus ends our Sunday at Grace Church."

LAKE Superior copper production has now reached to an amount more than half as great as the Cornwall mines of England. The average production of the latter is about 13,000 tons, that of Lake Superior for 1861 is 7,450 tons. The increase from 1860 is 2,000 tons.



UNIFORM OF THE EXCELSIOR, OR SICKLES BRIGADE.



THE SQUIRREL RIFLES ENTERTAINED BY THE PEOPLE OF CINCINNATI IN THE FIFTH STREET MARKET HOUSE, CINCINNATI, SEPT. 6.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. HERB LOYD.

THE WORD.

BY FORCEY THE WILLSON.

ARM!
This is the trumpet-call!
ARM!
Arm for the Commonwealth!
ARM! ARM!
ARM!
Arm without any words!
ARM!
This is the time for swords!
ARM! ARM!
ARM to confront the foe!
ARM!
ARM to return the blow!
ARM!
ARM ere it be too late!
ARM!
ARM or be desolate!
ARM!
ARM for your country and fly to defend her—
ARM!
ARM now or never!
ARM! ARM! or surrender!
ARM! ARM!
ARM for the Commonwealth!—ARM for your mother!
Your children, your firesides, and for each other!
ARM! ARM!—*Louisville Journal.*

RUSSIAN POPULAR TALES.

THE STORY OF YVASHKA WITH THE BEAR'S EAR.

THE tale of "Yvashka with the Bear's Ear," is a great favorite in Russia. Its main interest depends not so much on him of the bear's ear, or even his comrade Ustinia, who angles for trout with his moustaches, as on Baba Yagá. This personage is the grand mythological demon of the Russians, and frequently makes her appearance in their popular tales; but perhaps in none plays so remarkable a part as in the story of Yvashka. A little information with respect to her will perhaps not be unacceptable to the reader before entering upon the story. She is said to be a huge female, who goes driving about the steppes in a mortar, which she forces onward by pounding lustily with a pestle, though of course, being in the mortar, she cannot wield the pestle without hurting herself. As she hurries along, she draws with her tongue—which is, at least, three yards long—a mark upon the dust, and with it seizes every living thing coming within her reach, which she swallows for the gratification of her ever-raging appetite. She has several young and handsome daughters, whom she keeps in a deep well beneath her izbushka, or cabin, which has neither door nor window, and stands upon the wildest part of the steppe, upon hen's feet, and is continually turning round. Whenever Baba Yagá meets a person, she is in the habit of screaming out:

"Oho! Oho!
I've seen Russian wight till now;
But now the flesh of a Russian wight
I smell with nose and see with sight."

Such is the Russian tradition about Baba Yagá, who is unlike, in every respect, any of the goblins and mythological monsters of Western Europe, except, perhaps, in her cry, which puts one in mind of the exclamation of the giant in the English nursery tale of Jack the Giant-Killer:

"Fi, floo, fo, fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman."

Now for the story of Yvashka:

In a certain kingdom, in a certain government, there lived a mujik, whose wife bore him a son who had the ear of a bear, on which account he was called Yvashka with the Bear's Ear. Now when Yvashka with the Bear's Ear was beginning to sit in his full growth, he used to go about the streets and play with the children; but he played so roughly that if he seized a child by the hand he was sure to tear its hand off, and if he seized one by the head he was sure to tear its head off. The other peasants, not being able to put up with such outrages, told Yvashka's father that he must either make his son mend his manners or not let him go out into the street to play with the children. The father for a long time endeavored to reform Yvashka, but perceiving that his son did not improve, he determined to turn him out of doors, and said to him:

"Depart from me, and go wheresoever you please. I will keep you no longer in my house, for I dread lest some misfortune should befall me on your account."

So Yvashka with the Bear's Ear took leave of his father and mother, and departed on his way. After journeying for a long time he arrived at a forest, where he saw a man cutting oaken billets. He went up to him, and said:

"Good fellow, what may be your name?"
"Dubunia" (Oakman), replied the other.
Whereupon they became sworn brothers, and went on together. Arriving at a rocky mountain, they saw a man hewing the rock, to whom they said:

"God help you, honest lad! what may your name be?"
"Gornia" (Rockman), he replied.

Whereupon they called him their brother, and proposed to him to leave off hewing the mountain and to go along with them. He agreed to their proposal, and all three forthwith proceeded on their way, and journeyed for some time. Arriving at the bank of a river, they saw a man sitting, who had a pair of enormous moustaches, with which he angled for fish in order to support himself. They all three said to him:

"God speed you, brother, in your fishing!"
"Thank you kindly, brothers," he replied.
"What may your name be?" they inquired.
"Ustinia" (Moustachio), he answered.

Whereupon they called him their brother also, and invited him to join their company, and he agreed to do so.

So these four journeyed on, and whether their journey was long or short, far or near, my tale will soon be told, though their adventures were not soon over. At last they arrived at a forest, where they saw an izbushka, or cabin, standing on hen's feet, which kept turning here and there. They went up to it, and said:

"Izbushka, Izbushka! stand with your rear to the wood, and your front to us."

The izbushka instantly obeyed; and going into it they began to consult how they should contrive to live there. After a little time they all went into the forest, killed some game, and prepared some food for themselves. On the second day they left Oakman at home to cook the dinner, whilst they themselves went into the forest to hunt. Oakman having got ready the dinner, took his seat by the window and awaited the return of his brethren. At that moment came Baba Yagá, riding in an iron mortar which she urged on with the pestle, whilst with her tongue lolling out of her mouth, she drew a mark on the earth as she went. Entering into the cabin, she said:

"Oho! Oho!
I've never seen Russian wight till now;
But now the flesh of a Russian wight
I've smelt with nose and seen with sight."

Then turning to Oakman, she inquired:

"Wherefore did you come hither, Oakman?"
And without waiting for his answer, she began to beat him, and continued belaboring him until he was half dead, after which she devoured all the food which had been got ready, and then rode away.

Upon the return of Oakman's comrades from the chase they asked him for their dinner, and he, without informing them that Baba Yagá had been there, said that he had fallen into a swoon, and had got nothing ready.

In the very same manner did Baba Yagá beat Rockman and Moustachio, who, however, told their comrades of the matter.

At last it came to the turn of Yvashka with the Bear's Ear to remain at home whilst the others went forth in pursuit of game. Jack cooked and roasted everything, and having found in Baba Yagá's cabin a pot of honey, he split a post which stood by the pestle at the top, and

thrust in a wedge to keep it open, pouring out the honey into the fissure and about it. He then sat down on the pestle, and prepared three iron rods. After a little time Baba Yagá arrived, screaming out:

"Oho! Oho!
I've never seen Russian wight till now;
But now the flesh of a Russian wight
I've smelt with nose and seen with sight."

"Wherefore hast thou come hither, Yvashka with the Bear's Ear, and wherefore dost thou waste my property?"

Thereupon she began to lick with her tongue about the post, and no sooner did her tongue arrive at the fissure than Yvashka snatched the wedge out of the post, and having thus entrapped her tongue, he leaped up from the pestle and scourged her with the iron rods till she begged him to let her go, promising to let him be in peace, and never more to come to him.

Yvashka consented to her prayer, and having set her tongue at liberty he placed Baba Yagá in a nook and took his seat by the window, awaiting his companions. They soon returned, making quite sure that Baba Yagá had dealt with him in the same manner as with themselves, and were not a little astonished when they perceived that he had the food all ready prepared. After dinner he related how he had served Baba Yagá, and laughed at them for not being able to manage her. At last, wishing to show them how he had drubbed and beaten Baba Yagá, he led them to the nook, but she was no longer there; so they resolved to go in pursuit of her, and presently finding a stone slab, they lifted it up and perceived a deep abyss, into which they thought of descending; but as none of his companions had courage enough to do so, Yvashka with the Bear's Ear consented to go, so they began to twist a rope, and having made a canoe for him to sit in, they let him down into the gulf. Meanwhile Yvashka commanded them to wait for him a whole week, and provided they received no intelligence of him during that time to wait no longer.

"When I pull the rope," said he, "draw up the canoe, provided it be light; but if it be heavy cut the rope, in order that you may not draw up Baba Yagá instead of me."

Then bidding them farewell, he descended into the deep subterranean abyss.

He proceeded there for a long time. At length he arrived at a cabin, and entering it he beheld three beautiful damsels sitting at their needles and embroidering with gold. These were the daughters of Baba Yagá. As soon as they perceived Yvashka with the Bear's Ear they said:

"Good youth, what has brought you hither? Here lives Baba Yagá, our mother, and as soon as she comes home you are a dead man, for she will certainly kill you. However, if you will deliver us from this place we will inform you how you may save your life."

On his promising to conduct them out of that abyss, they said to him: "As soon as our mother arrives, she will rush at you and begin to fight you; but after a while she will desist and will run into the cellar, where she has two pitchers standing filled with water; in the blue pitcher is the water of strength, and in the white that of weakness."

Scarcely had the daughters of Baba Yagá concluded their discourse when they told Yvashka that they heard their mother coming; and presently she appeared riding in the iron mortar, driving with the pestle, whilst with her tongue lolling out of her mouth she drew a mark as she went. Baba Yagá on arriving screamed out:

"What's this? Oho!
I've never smelt Russian flesh till now;
But now the flesh of a Russian wight
I smell with nose and see with sight."

"For what are you come hither, Yvashka with the Bear's Ear? Do you think to disturb me here also?"

Then, casting herself suddenly upon him, she began to fight. They fought together for a considerable time, and at length they fell upon the earth. Baba Yagá, after lying for some time, jumped up and ran into the cellar, and Yvashka rushed after her. Baba Yagá, without examination, seized the white pitcher, and Yvashka the blue one. Both having drunk, they left the cellar and renewed their combat. Yvashka, however, presently overpowered Baba Yagá. He then seized her by the hair and beat her with her own pestle till she entreated him to take pity upon her, promising never to do him any injury, and to leave the place that very moment. Whereupon Yvashka with the Bear's Ear took pity on Baba Yagá, and left off beating her.

As soon as she was gone he went to her daughters, thanked them for the information they had given him, and told them to prepare to leave the place. Whilst they were packing up their things he went to the rope, and having pulled it his comrades instantly let down the canoe, in which he placed the eldest sister, and by her sent word to them to draw them all up. Yvashka's comrades having drawn up the damsel, were much astonished at the sight of her; but having learnt from her the whole affair, they hoisted up her other sisters. At last they let down the canoe for Yvashka, but he having this time stowed into the canoe many clothes and a great deal of money, as well as put himself therein, his comrades, feeling the weight, imagined that Baba Yagá must have got into the canoe, so they cut the rope, and left poor Yvashka in the abyss. They then agreed to marry the damsels, and lost no time in doing so.

Meanwhile Yvashka with the Bear's Ear walked for a long time about the abyss seeking for an outlet. At last by good fortune he found an iron door in that gloomy place, and having broken it open, he proceeded for a long time in the same darkness; he then beheld a light in the distance, and directing his course straight towards it, he emerged from the cavern. He then determined to seek his comrades, whom he soon found, but not until all three were married. On seeing them he began to ask why they had left him in the hole. His comrades, in great terror, told him that Moustachio had cut the rope; whereupon Yvashka immediately slew him, and took his wife to be his own. Then they all lived together in the greatest comfort and prosperity.

THE POLICY OF CONCILIATION.

MR. ORPHEUS C. KERR, of the redoubtable Mackerel Brigade, has made another advance into the enemy's country, in company with a reinforcement (one man strong) from Kentucky—a "conservative" reinforcement. The object of the advance was to procure some second-hand straw beds for the "Anatomical Cavalry" attached to the brigade. We give the parole to Mr. Kerr:

"We went to look up a few straw-beds for the feeding of the Anatomical Cavalry horses, my boy, and the conservative Kentucky chap went along to see that we did not violate the Constitution nor the rights of man."

"It's my opinion, comrade," says Captain Bob Shorty, "as we started out—It's my opinion, my Union ranger, that this here unnatural war is getting worked down to a very fine point, when we can't go out for an armful of forage without taking the Constitution along on an ass. I think," says Captain Bob Shorty, "that the Constitution is as much out of place here as a set of fancy harness would be in a drove of wild buffaloes."

"Can such be the case, my boy—can such be the case? Then did our Revolutionary forefathers live in vain?"

"Having moved along in gorgeous cavalcade until about noon, we stopped at the house of a First Family of Virginia, who were just going to dinner. Captain Bob Shorty ordered the Mackerels to stack arms and draw cantens in the front door-yard, and then we entered the domicile and saluted the domestic gossamer in the dining-room."

"We come, sir," said Bob, addressing the venerable and high-minded Chivalry at the head of the table, "to ask you if you have any old straw-beds that you don't want, that could be used for the cavalry of the United States of America?"

"The Chivalry only paused long enough to throw a couple of pie-plates at us, and then says he:

"Are you accused abolitionists?"

"The conservative Kentucky chap stepped hastily forward, and says he:

"No, my dear sir, we're the conservative element."

"The Chivalry's venerable wife, who was a female Southern Confed-eracy, leaned back a little in her chair, so that her little son could see to throw a wascup at me; and says she:

"You ain't Tribune reporters—be you?"

"We were all noses and no eyes. Quite a feature in social intercourse, my boy."

"The aged Chivalry caused three fresh chairs to be placed at the table, and having failed to discharge the fowling-piece which he had pointed at Captain Bob Shorty, by reason of dampness in the cap, he waved us to seats, and says he:

"Sit down, poor hirelings of a gorilla despot, and learn what it is to taste the hospitality of a Southern gentleman. You are Lincoln hordes," says the Chivalry, shaking his white locks, "and have come to

butcher the Southern Confederacy; but the Southern gentleman knows how to be courteous, even to a vandal foe."

"Here the Chivalry switched out a cane which he had concealed behind him, and made a blow at Captain Bob Shorty."

"See here," says Bob indignantly, "I'll be—"
"Hush!" says the conservative Kentucky chap, agitatedly, "don't irritate the patriarch, or future amicable reconstruction of the Union will be out of the question. He is naturally a little provoked just now," says the Kentucky chap, soothingly, "but we must show him that we are his friends."

"We all sat down in peace at the hospitable board, my boy, only a few sweet potatoes and corn-cobs being thrown by the children, and found the fire to be in keeping with the situation of our distracted country—I may say war-fare."

"In consequence of the blockade of the Washington Ape," says the Chivalry, pleasantly, "we only have one course, you see; but even these last-year's sweet-potatoes must be luxuries to mercenary mudails accustomed to hush."

"And just reached out my plate to be helped, my boy, when there came a great noise from the Mackerels in the front door-yard."

"What's that?" says Captain Bob Shorty.

"Oh, nothing," says the female Confederacy, taking another bite of hooecake, "I've only told one of the servants to throw some hot water on your reptile hirelings."

"As Captain Bob Shorty turned to thank her for her explanation, and while his plate was extended, to be helped, the aged Chivalry fired a pistol at him across the table, the ball just grazing his head and entering the wall behind him."

"By all that's blue!" says Captain Bob Shorty, excitedly, "now I'll be—"

"Be calm, now; be calm," says the conservative Kentucky chap, hastily, "don't tell you that it's only natural for the good old soul to be a little provoked? If you go to irritate him we never can live together as brethren again."

"Matters being thus rendered pleasant, my boy, we quickly finished the simple meal; and as Captain Bob Shorty warded off the carving-knife just thrown at him by the Chivalry's little son, he turned to the female Confederacy, and says he:

"Many thanks for your kind hospitality: and now about that straw-bed?"

"The Virginia matron threw the vinegar-cruet at him, and says he;

"My servants have already given one to your scorpions, you nasty Yankee."

"Of course," says the Chivalry, just missing a blow at me with a bowie-knife, "of course your despicable Government will pay me for my property!"

"Pay you?" says Captain Bob Shorty, hotly, "now I'll be—"

"Certainly it will, my friend," broke in the conservative Kentucky chap, eagerly, "the Union troops come here as your friends; for they make war on none but traitors."

"As we left the domicile, my boy, brushing from our coats the slops that had just been thrown upon us from an upper window, I saw the Chivalry's children tramping a fowling-piece from the roof and hoisting the flag of the Southern Confederacy on one of the chimneys."

"And will it be possible to regain the love of these noble people again, my boy, if we treat them constitutionally? We shall see, my boy, we shall see!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

THERE is a spouting well in Salineville, Ohio, up which the gas rushes in large volumes and with great violence. A romantic couple, a few nights since, invited their friends and a clergyman to the vicinity of the well, set fire to the spouting jet of gas, and by the light of the tall pillar of roaring flame were united in marriage.

THE RAINBOW.

THE very flowers that bend and meet,
In sweetening others, grow more sweet;
The clouds by day, the stars by night,
Inweave their floating locks of light;
The rainbow, Heaven's own forehead's braid,
Is but the embrace of sun and shade.

"OLD CODGERS."—An English paper reports that the term Old Codgers is derived from that of a public-house in Blackfriars, where a club of men, politicians and thinkers, collected and discussed the affairs of the State. The name "Cogger" comes from the Latin word "cogito," and the club was established in 1758. Admission gratis. "You are not required to speak, but it is necessary to drink, for the good of the house."

AN AMERICAN MANDARIN.—The Emperor of China has created Col. F. T. Ward, of New York, a Mandarin of the first class, for his efforts in suppressing the Taiping insurrection. Col. Ward went from New York city some three years ago, and finding the Imperial Government seriously harassed by the Taiping insurgents, who had captured several important cities, Col. Ward proposed to retake these places, and in a short time organized a formidable corps of native soldiers. Such a degree of success attended his movements that he was in special favor of the Government, and has had, as already said, given him the rank and title of High Mandarin. As shown by late published accounts, Col. W. is given much credit by English writers for the success already gained, and his experience is cited as proof that the Chinese are capable, when properly disciplined, of making good soldiers.

THE NIGHT WALK.

THE quiet moon, amid the clouds,
Like a giant orange glows,
While far beneath, the old gray sea,
All striped with silver, bows.

Alone I wander on the strand,
Where the wild surf roars and raves;
But hear full many a gentle word,
Soft spoken 'mid the waves.

But oh, the night is far too long,
And my heart bounds in my breast;
Fair water-fairies come to me,
And sing my soul to rest.

Oh, take my head upon your lap,
Take body and soul, I pray;
But sing me dead—carose me dead—
And kiss my life away.

BUNYAN'S TOMB.—A new tomb was erected on May 21, over the grave of the author of "Pilgrim's Progress" in Bunhill fields burial ground, City-road, London. The funds for this monument were raised by public subscription, under the Presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury. The length of the tomb is about seven feet, and the height rather over four feet. On the top, in a reclining posture, with book in hand, is the carved effigy of John Bunyan in stone, with the head resting on a pillow, the length of the figure being five feet eight inches. On the north side, in relief is a stone panel representing Christian starting on his pilgrimage, with the burden on his back; and on the south side Christian is represented as in the act of reaching the Cross, and the burden falling from his shoulders. At the east end of the tomb is the following inscription, engraved on a portion of the old stone: "John Bunyan, author of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' ob. 31st August, 1688: æt. 60." The slab at the opposite end records the fact of the restoration of the work by public subscription, May, 1862.

THE dimensions of the Capitol at Washington are thus officially stated: Whole length of building, 751 feet 4 inches; length of wings, including steps, 324 feet; width of wings, 142 feet 8 inches; width of old Capitol, 352 feet 4 inches; height of dome above the basement floor, 264 feet; ground actually covered, 153,112 square feet, or more than three and a half acres.

WHAT IS IT?—There is an animal which should have

The head of a snake,
The neck of the drake,
A back like a beam,
A side like a beam,
The tail of a rat,
And the foot of a cat.

THE *Figaro* Programme relates the following anecdote: "Baron Taylor, while travelling in Spain, arrived in the evening at a village inn, and sat down before a stove to dry his boots. Close by was a turnspit dog, which watched him very attentively. 'What can you give me to eat?' said the baron to the hostess. 'Some eggs,' was the reply. 'No, they are too mawkish.' 'A rabbit?' 'That is too indigestible.' The attention of the dog seemed to become more and more directed to the conversation. 'Some ham?' 'No,' said the baron, 'that would make me thirsty.' 'Some pigeons?' The dog here stood up. 'No, there is no nourishment in them.' 'A fowl?' said the hostess, on which the dog started hastily out of the room. 'What is the matter with the dog?' said the baron. 'Oh, nothing at all,' was the reply; 'he only wishes to escape his work, for he knows that if you decide on a fowl he will have to turn the spit.'"

WE copy the following from Pitman's *Phonographic Magazine* for the benefit of the sensation preachers of the present day: "When F. T. Conecte, who was afterwards burned at Rome, preached in the great towns of Flanders and Artois, the churches were so filled that he had to be hoisted up in the middle of the church by a cord in order to be heard."

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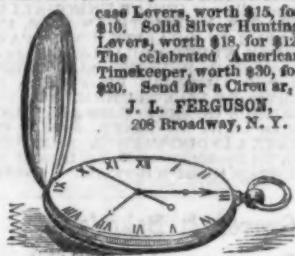
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